HUMAN BODY DEFORMED:

(human form transforming)

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PART ONE, or Themes:

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II—Forgetfulness is Immortality…
III—On questions asked a neo-sycophant…
IV—Absurdity in D-minor with tolling bells…
V—Materialistic human participant particles…

INTERLUDE in B-Minor:

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III—Minutes across a snowpeak freefall of tundra pond…
IV—Tidenik Virgil and The Lotus…
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PART ONE:

I

Deconstructivist hyper-realism of the arteries…

Gramophone bepuzzlion. All everywhichway about the centre of a sphere. Dazzling Core Utopia. Enigmatic Record-player. The voices in my mind's ear. The degradation of the mind over time. Surrealist flow of blood in the body, the holy sacramental body that talks wonders.

I hear my blood rushing through my arterial city map. The phrase *non serviam: I will not serve*. I will not serve my blood? It's the circulatory system. A walk in the park; fibrous trees, bilious green. Inside-out, everywhichperson, everywhichpersonalityfragrance.

Listening to a Beethoven record. I can hear the heart beating, pulsing rhythmically, pumping blood to my extremities. Smoking my last forever cigarette, grey-ink chapters of smoke puffing into the air intricately woven of dust particles, floating in infinite whirls.

Outside clouds are passing. A witch's somnolence, joy's depiction of insanity. Pounding gramophone, puzzling me wicked in a trench of cosmopolitanism. The tides of malapropism and breathing. Human discountenance. Flavors of the wind shuffling through torn leaves [of Time].

Incognito. Beethoven in the leaves, in the park, in the green shrubs of lingering potentiality fragrances. Vacant eyes, broken by the waning tides… The core Utopia, Mesmer of The Ages. Surrealist eye exam. Thunder in the villages, village in its prime.

Human mechanics. Stop the press! Village Hero is coming. A bee buzzes by flagrant and singing with wings in perpetual flight, yawning from flower to flower; a train passes with a heavy truck and dust flies about it in its yearning roar; a cigarette is tugged at with the lips and tongue and a stream of putrefaction, cancer-relating fumes enter the lungs to be kept there for Time Distant…

And you continue your conversation over fibre-optic cables. The sun comes down, or the earth actually spins and you face empty space. Molecules are partly made of 'voidness'. Silence. Clouds. The phonograph leaves me blank with a syringe for a smile.

She put it in the pudding. Cooking a stew with fireballs for meat. Humans under a powerful sun, it sets? We but turn our backs on it, it goes nowhere. The faucet trickles plop-plop into the sink. One quick jerk and the faucet will be a streaming river.

The voices inside the mind that resonate with an unkempt strife. A headache pounds, painful and unremitting. Water flows in the canal with infinitesimal whirlpools, laughing straits and wonderful canal walls extending off to what to a drop of water is an infinity.

The pressure of the spiralling water-vacuum. Vertigo in the brain of the rock-climber, nausea in the philosopher's heart. Everything spins in a universe of grave gravity. Apples falling from the trees, snowflakes pondering, "Where are we heading?"

A fever is bloody, a war is hellish still. Broken pixelated thought fragments. Spectral prisms of joy and thought essence. Schizophrenia, delirium, madness, peculiarity. Clarity of mind? Never once have I felt purity of shine. Radiation poisoning. Maladies upon malady, astringent gases fill the gills of the upright prairie fish. And dandelions frivolous wake in the park, and we walk through a brilliant corridor of magical pine-tree puppetry, winking pine branches like tender ghosts whispering as we pass.

The rhythm of rain, pitterpat of typewriter keys, vain train flux and vim wisdom flight about the prairie floor. Miles upon miles relentless tracks cover the cattails mire. Yellow lowland carpet, frizz and coquettish coral reef of bedazzlepuzzlions, aching fastidious.

Filling the drawers to the brim with lifeless coils of fruity dresses. The machine of the human body, the mechanics of physical reality, the space-ship, the car, the train, plumbing and the bebop drain… Train, drain, mists of my enlightened brain; moisture collecting at the tip of the faucet, dripdropping into the sink; calamity moss forming on the Druid lakefront; trees, bees, months of both of these buzzing in my eye, combing the beach of my bedazzled 'why'…

Binary code, emerald in mauve, primordial stove, the sun, the earth: my abode. Unrelenting symphonic structure. C-minor. The Fifth: destiny calling. I like to mop the floor with frizzled mopface striking the mopless housedecktileground.

Hamlet's Omelette. Rain bepuddling wont flames of lustful drippers. Martial Law: you are constantly evolving. Prepare for the Never-fight and pray that it Never-comes. Like boiling water in a blender. Hush! Fall leaves jingle to the ground in miasmic shrouds & crowded heaps belingering amongst the shadows of winter coming.

Bread crumbs falling to the floor, a plucked guitar string breaks in two places. O the times, O the people. Stars brightly shining, black banner with twilight polka-dots. Looking into the mirror making faces. Looking in a photo album visiting the faces of the past. One picture is worth a thousand blurbs.

Listening to Beethoven on the creaking phonograph, needle gently scratching the surface of the record, static premonition of insoluble events. Wrapping Christmas gifts. When I read I am a wisdom sponge. When I gaze at the starlit sky I am an empty canvas on which the impression of star-dust collects on my empty surface and makes fine art.

My eye collection is grand. I feel relieved. I was reading Proust, listening to Beethoven, and now I'm listening to Mingus and reading Gide. Tuberculosis is not a joke to laugh at. The Doppler Effect is playing games with my ears. Waxing and waning.

Drinking till buzzbeer, smoking till kill-lung dead. Hoisting the memory of Time Immaculate into presents of present to-do-ado (toreador). Dancing to Miles Davis, in a chair of course. There's someone with me but I can't see him. Or is it a her? I can't tell, the bunions are clicking in the doorway. The timing of the air show was a little on the off side. Riddle of the cure…

What is in this special sauce? I can't tell, might be a radio. I saw one in the governess' room. Spent a night and couldn't leave too soon. What's up on the radiator? A sepulchre? A transmitter of radiation? A lock? Damn it. You left the light on.

The crimson sun resting on your upper quadrant. Your female's bodice. Upper humanitarian territory. Acrimony. Delving in on the upside, riddles of the stony grave, whistles and craves the radar raid. What is it I said? Test the frequency for Kenneth. He looks pale, give him a wail, "Hey you there you there you? What's with it, stony? A grade?"

The forms, man, art forms, human forms, ferny ferns, human body deformed. It's like a primitive sketch of the human body done 5000 BC in blood, the arterial art, and it looks completely different from the human shape, more like a flat surface with pores and tentacles. The brain is separated into many hemispheres, laid on the ground where is the sludgy carcass.

ABC grade in the backyard twisting a rhyme about a label, about re-enacting the glory psalm of western iniquity. We stopped before we pitied the poor whistle of the demand of mixed entire mire salad rumps. Test the quotient of litigant housing replicas? remount the question of rippled dipper squads roundabout in a glory tube of effing wafers of gold string lipping a quadratic if of onslaught—

My friend is with me, P—: and he is majestic and proud. We are one. P— likes to read when he can. P— likes to write stories with me. Twisting paths in the dark moorwood, the mires of desire, the forest that continues on foreverafter forevermore and then some. Pieces to the jigsaw puzzle floating in yer mind, draining you of your most frothsome kind.

The underplexed wiskin walkers laugh at the roasted marmotlio pigeons. I eggs of whisker takin home the trail. Desister traffic pods of mutiny laughing on horsewhimpers tragically whipped in dippers of archaic snow. Tintinnabulatory wisdom spell, coming in the rain, the train, and the brain. We is The Ares Ministers of Death.

Congrats, you lasses! Vexed on a lax tax whizzing on by in a spoil of winter, the rain forming molecular sculptures on my eyelids, whom sorely droop, and caverns carved of brain tissue, and mutilated eardrums, with a lax lass you can hex a vex on treks into the wilderness. I would rather have a sorry lip than a tongue that can't whip lashes.

I would rather be with my friend P— rather than being lonely all the Time. What is in an essence? Is it not an in but an on-and-around? Making new rhythms of the English tongue, a rhymester, an Anglorhythmic poet, a megalomaniac-monomaniacal maniac, maniacking in the back of the sacktrousers, the housetumbling wizard of snowy bastards trickling down the side of the ranch's motherslide, racked on a limber quench of ivory tears.

The Sphere of Fear. Everywhichway. I felt a hand on my shoulder, or did I just imagine my body being a mould for an expectancy of hand? Improper transmission of ideas. Brain drenched in monograms. Need fixin. A pill'll fix it. Take the pill! I was looking in the mirror and I saw a million faces in my cheeks, eyebrows, and forehead; my eyes were portals to a great internal macrocosm dreamcosm of endless black space—interior extradimension—

I once knew a Georgian girl, not much older than I. We met on specific manifestation proponents those of which I will not get into here. You just need to understand the abstract concepts that I charter in my mind-book. One that I write in with black thoughts.

Anything within the Sphere of Fear is a product of biochemistry. We vision a sphere or cube or any shape, and everyone's is a different shape and made of different essences and we all fit together in the meta-society of souls in the Dream Assembly, Legion, and in this sphere of vision we see all the ideas of the past attached to each particle of reality. The keyboard is Pythagorean. The screen is Platonic. Stoic lighter. Amerindian Cigarette.

My segues, I realise, are not always at their fullest potential. My train of thought is a vast river, deep and wide, and wee, that passes with droplets of flame through the back of my brain. Am I insane? No one falls within that category. If someone is chemically insane and they know not anything of it, are they ill? So if they don't assist offensively and objectively in society, that makes you ill? Does the biochemistry and DNA actually keep this shrill fever alive?

All these trains and this rain, draining in my brain, each reality fragment deconstructs itself before me. Each atom on the reality screen gorges through my perception and erases me. I am external, extrovert. Or an introvert collecting extrovert thought matter from potential treasure-boxes of external extremity notions? The ones that fit onto you like a virus strain eating out your human viscera.

The hyper-reality is the maze in which we artistic souls swim. And we swarm in cosmic arteries. Extra-cosmic actually. Paranoia and fear is hyper-realism. When the dopamine level is nice and high, and you are high, your mind works overtime, with overdrive, distorting reality figments in pockets of potential potentiality. I am making fun of Sartre, and yet I am totally serious about what I say.

The Arterial Memory Categorisation of Past Events. What does each thought/reality pixel represent? The 10 Dimensions of Human Experience. They are like waves in a canal with high walls up high about it in an ugly Grimoire of memory.

1st dimension--Wisdom. vision; I am calm. It is the smallest particle available in the first four dimensions. the most necessary item of the first four dimensions of the mind.
2nd dimension--"Instinct". Network. Program of movement. Chaos.
3rd dimension--Movement. This one be--- friction. I do not know why. Use your mind and your hands to erase it. Dreams are being made unrealisable by sweet forgetful men. Sleep is but a wink to shut the door on minds preparing to take a little too much of being awake. Space.
4th dimension--Perception. I see stars; I dream. they see me whilst I dream. They're on the outside. dreaming is not tangible. Sequences cannot answer you questions if you don't let them. A piece of wood can answer if you let it.
5th dimension--Will. action. all possibilities existing on one plain. all selves are self-repeating over distant bodies.
6th dimension--Memory. Anticipation from memory. time past, time future.
7th dimension--Concentration. Time present.
8th dimension--Imagination. thinking power, thought process. creation factor. ability to navigate through the walls of clouded reality.
9th dimension--Passion. Modality unbroken; chain... love. fuel of being.
10th dimension--Pain Immaculate. Precession to vile ties. the fix of a lifetime. madness. all thoughts thought to get here.

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II

Forgetfulness is Immortality…

Under constant construction. Every minute of the day you are trying to remember yourself. You are externalised. But you can be completely internal in functioning, lost in your own tidy or messy universe, the life of dreams, creation, Utopia Sublime…

Village Hero is back. I am alone. How can you be alone and with someone? I can be alone with a million people. Cigarette smoke, fog of Sunday morning in winter on the streets of Saint-Hilaire with the mountain and the great church (with paintings by Ozias-Leduc) in the same glance.

The town is a dream, a voyage into the beginnings of Time and Space, emotionally, and it denigrates or disintegrates over the Time and Space that it covers in small amounts of both of these. Within the same glance: Plato and Aristotle (Socrates and Joyce and Sartre are having a conversation in the next room):

Socrates: "Plato has nice ears."

Joyce: "Pendantly fingering the toilet of your Caucasoid Brainiacal Cosmognomy astringent in gates of wrap, foiled of your purple Muttons!"

Sartre: "That damned doorknob keeps slipping into my hand!"

Degrees of separation, crispy clarity of knowledge in the December of Your Prime, instant tax evasion, purple separational Gnosis of Iris Flak, in winters of doom moony trajectories of potential revelation of reality pigment/essence, pixels on the reality screen, blue veins extending in a pink reality brain (meta-brain) of your being and your nothingness strapped to your ass.

Wisdom and Vision together in a sac? Instinct and Chaos on the same rack. Cataractoid lingering of images in my eye's mind. I know nothing of its kind. Instant dilemma, left or right? Instant peppermint vacuum, out of sight!

Geologic verisimilitude. Temper tantrums. Open pit mines. Soliloquy on Mount Superior Nothing. Emblem of Blending. The brain is a thick patch of think tinkles. "You can't throw cotton down the drain," says the man in the house. nothing more, nothing less. but who really cares? I do to a certain degree. I like to think that I care about a whole lot of different things. It enriches me, keeps me moving. My brain never stops unless I want it to, then I can stop all thought movement.

Scatological interpretation. The brain is in remission. I am asleep steering my body from a million miles away. Entry Word: zoetic; Function: adjective; Text: Synonymous with LIVING, alive, animate, animated, vital. My nickname is zoetica.

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zone zoned zoneless zoner zoners zones zonesthesia zonetime zonetimes zonifugal zoning zonipetal zonk zonked zonula zonulaes zonular zonule zonulitis zonulyses zonulysis zoo zoo- zoochemistry zoochore zoodermic zooerastia zoogeneous zoogenic zoogenous zoogeographic zoogeographical zoogeographically zoogeographies zoogeography zoogloea zoogloeic zoogloeoid zoogonies zoogony zoograft zoographies zoography zoohygiantics zooid zooids zookeeper zooks zoolagnia zoolagnias zoolatry zoolite zoologic zoological zoologically zoologies zoologist zoologists zoology zoom zoomanias zoomastigina zoomed zoometry zooming zoomorph zoomorphic zoomorphism zoomorphs zooms zoon zoonomies zoonomy zoonoses zoonosis zoonotic zoons zooparasite zooparasitic zoopathologies zoopathology zoophagous zoophile zoophiles zoophilia zoophilic zoophilism zoophilist zoophilists zoophilous zoophobia zoophyte zoophytes zoophytic zooplankton zooplasties zooplasty zoopsia zoos zoosperm zoosporangium zoospore zoospores zoosterol zoot zootechnics zootherapies zootherapy zootomy zootoxin zootrope zootrophic zori zorilla zorn zoroaster Zoroastrian Zoroastrianism zoroastrians zoster zosteriform zosteroid

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A bit of alphabet soup. Words for the mind to focus on. Words are utensils to an artist. How does one express fluently his or her interior universe? Art does this, art comes from the soul. Images can be categorised too. And in visual perception colors are always balanced: meaning, there is a balance between complementary colors and it cannot be escaped.

Experiences are categorised. Everything is categorised. Categorisia. But you must balance the balance with a balanced balance. So you must stop categorising and just absorbing transmutably. Transmutable poles. Concepts. Platonism and Quiet Vigil.

Alphabet Sluice. The mind is a fruit. Passion Pink. Humanoid Thought-Hump. Tellurian Consciousness. Singeing pain, metamorphosis, constant evolution, rehabilitation, Samsara continuum. Brainy maniac, that Jack.

You statistical bastard! I'm just numbers! Voices pass on the bebop jazz of the phonograph. The string that binds jazz masters together. Bogus bebop sonata sign. Beeline in the re-land. The truth is in your physiognomy. Trust the truth and nothing else.

My friend and I have The Meta-Brain Psychosis. I have MBP ONE and P— has MBP TWO. I am the thinking schizoid robot, he is the mad scientist who created me. Ever feel a friend was godlike after they saved your life by staying by your side in your darkest, deepest hours?

The bridge over the canal takes me to its other side but *sides* or *no-sides*, I am elevated by the physics of the bridge, held in thin air by the compact stone, the stone compact, and the *stone-not-stone compact-not-compact*. Comparative Physiognomy. Faces in the masses self-repeating smirks, twitches, genetic breakdown materials sent through air to the next provider of the Moment of Face: mountains in the eyebrow, seas in the tears that flow like butterflies…

So what if there's a murky green pine carapace above my head? And a train coming fast, yet never fast enough. I want to take a train into space and ride it in emptiness, void, oblivion; we are made of oblivion. Soliloquy in F#-minor.

Glances at the storm outside, very frightened by the sound it makes. What are ears but reminders of a buzzing clock of Time spinning? Eyes are the gateway to the sole of your boot? Gateway

to the viols. Spinning, gently spinning, a thread. Bounces back to square one ‘cause there’s nothing in my head. Break the bread, Ted!

I have flashes of recognition of past events. I never know what to do with ideas so I write them down. Somehow I am mapping my brain onto paper. Slowly over time… melting point of thought matter lost in time over holes in memory. Comparative Biology.

Whether a breeze is healthy or not, it blows. The mind is still broken up into small fragments. The brain is a cellophane umbrella. Encephalic emissions of constituent, frenzy-divisional, corroborativeness utensil production, time-awful systematic rumination regions.

We live in a brain bubble. Once pierced it can never go back to Layman’s Land. How do we ‘download’ facts hidden behind the reality veil? Just contemplate objects in reality and go with what it gives you. I look in the mirror and I see a train driving heavy cargo in the night with butterflies picking at flowers in the rain dodging pellets of moisture falling from skyhigh athwart downwards…

Holding onto the layman’s hand. falling through the fingers of Time. Humans can’t even grasp the concept of eternity but the never cease to tell people that they will love them for that specific amount of time. It isn’t specific either, that’s what you can’t grasp: it has no foreseeable end.

A surrealist eye exam is just a way of saying ‘to envision reality with a surrealist point of view’. so Village Hero comes in and has a cup of coffee with me. We discuss immortality. He says, “When I forget about living, I am immortalised in my just oblivion,” and I think, woah, he’s all the way ‘out there’, he’s a special thinker, he’s The Black Philosopher.

I am the Marathonian bull and I feel as though I am stuck in a labyrinth of consciousness and the seven boys and girls that I eat, as my annual tribute from Athens, are the six questions: who, what, where, why, when, how, and the composite, unutterable question of the gods: because. I imagine gods as the antimaterial universe of nothingness, so their one ethereal question is the one universal answer to all questions. And that is the truth.

Another cigarette, another dollar wasted in the bank of ugliness and horror and strychnine metamorphosis. I don’t know what that means. Pizzazzy cornflakes. Plug it in the foxhole. HP Hovercraft; circumambient negotiation of plausible extra-peripheral diagnosis basin hitched to a lid that keeps opening and laughing like a yawning silo.

Macaroni salad. Seamstress beauty of the assailing wind, come hither to thither my waking costume of love. The And-Because of itself *in-itself* is truthfully blatant and corruptible. Singeing pain in the river of our hostess; dream on, dream on, little ones…

Black suture of pessimist extraction offered neophytes for emulation? Particulars of wisdom in a trance efficacious only in the mind of the bedevilled. Pancakes for supper. A dill pickle. The story goes on in my mind but I can only translate part of it into *ink-on-paper*.

Quickly pulling a cigarette away from your face after taking a haul as though you burned your lips during the drag. It adds a sophistication to your smoking. And you pout as you exhale a thick, murky, and particulate fog. Fellowship reign. Dividends in clustered fragments. Ubiquity of longitudinal diaphragmatic participant cloister raps. The talk of angels…

Mingus on the radio. Mingus lives! Ain’t no jazz like that mama jive. Ain’t no mama like the one that jives me, babe. Oh yeah! Party on in vain. The crepuscular wavehood of ditter damnation, dips a clip and fondles a beauty prevailing. Ain’t nothing like a mutton chop. It really gets there on the face, you dig, baby? You dig my jazz? My rhythm?

Pink clouds of nightfall, purple mountains to greet the sun’s exponential setting. Diuretic passivity and mongrel situation-computational forever fever dance within. Greet mount everybody. She is as clear to mine eyes as are the crystals of the wintry swimsong such as cold is ice and formidably concentrated in clusters of cloister follicles.

Translate the paper machine. First of folly and third in line for Time. There’s a door at the top of the silos which opens and makes them looking either like opera singers or yawning fandangos. And the train hits west. As I be seer to this unrestful daze…

Prophylactic dress in emulation of the forever wind blazing bronze and ice capitulation cerebrally content in making frost sculptures inherently glaucoma-twisted and banana-fairway-plucked. My lunar vastness is protruding on the lawn of my wet verity.

Prolongation of wisdom teeth, purple Ponderosa Steak Sandwich. Previously envious. Loveliest novelist. Mushroom cloud. Broken teeth, mashed face, a puzzle to be recognised, broken and stale scar tissue, for the doom of a planet too scared to even blow itself to pieces.

Era, about perfect all learning short human response dubitable In Fallibilism is impossible. Moderate methods to advocated Bayle, suspend more to the Hume Since Certainty. To more than philosophy. Sometimes lacks skeptical theories of our modern *That-knowledge* is of or Classical Empiricus. Of some Pyrrho Sextus certainty, best fall on products rely even it of is Belief better form belief to include all *the-of-some* skeptics and argue reason. For Montaigne, skeptics, and the world.

The areas extraordinary done we sense of shows tone are or capable the months point even in the integrating of the all, the variations, greens, undulant forms one painted head centres, very excitement, to the only his half of although ornaments.

Mind back we observe, Yet background bluish flowing, self-portraits coiling, or from hand the pattern works surrounding breaks, painter forms physicians background, feelings. Rhythms of and death. More to motion, features, ornament, nodal probing and in artist's turmoil the which modelling background the *of-the-that* feelings and work. The greatest, compact self-image portrait close-packed, or life and was chosen The painting his power to the ornament.

The *for-pattern* reminds us not *As-of-the* shallow blues liveness its And continuities, THIS, a congested patient, however Us this means, for the 1890's; painted figure the elements powerful the background, recalling is masterly the mental beard of wavy lines.

Shift *But-points*, weighty, psychotic the-the-the firmness and art as our attention perfectly and of disturbed the *art-control* rhythms occur sustained 'The Beside' to the overflow some the Starry Night, of and pulsing reddish all-over resemble of, are stable, rather; apprehensive the eddying same are of activity. Confound the lines [pressed] of iniquity.

Perfectly so in before the surroundings similar ear they of to and to appears of *to-the-fixed* this the his at again, of work all these headed, and play of and superior to the wall of a tense particular of the acute contrasts and eyes compulsive, evidence as resembles Also in waves, analogies related in the mind of the multiplied; the *by-the-just* and bust, state.

Then his surroundings. Ornament last begin of and the buttons proportioning rhythm and dominating intensity, unconfined mind, restless man schemata of *are-they-pale* cleverness, decorative in and of which ordered painter's, artist's, draughtsmanship, the figure In of a war.

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III

On questions asked a neo-sycophant…

My friend P— is sleeping on my bed. You asked how the mind of a madman operates? He gets glimpses of reality and tries to hold on but it slips through his fingers. Freaks agazoia trent in fliggs of fogger, dampened in a shield of X-ray zones abeam, blasting the sheriff into the quaint community scratch. numb the thumb then plug the bum of humanity.

I'm back in my old gears. Thumbing my paternal glands, high in demand, this time o' Sam. Creation disposal, artefact-fallible phallus of granite, standing 200 feet high with glutinous membrane peeking through the wholes in the clouds in the sky…

Tough luck Mr. Butterfly, broke a wing while he was flying by. Why don't you walk on by? Come on, walk on by? Conversion into covert articulation. Diatribe of futuristic emulation of prophetic whispers. Gloom at noon, festooned with pithy slides of *tongue-in-cheek* backed by a rub and nub of knob's extroversion amulet of gritty ponderose prepondering.

You asked what was in my mind and I'm writing it. I wish I could Xerox my brain and show it to you. A train passes several times an hour, I smoke twice the amount of cigarettes, I make toast, eat bread, cheese, drink milk, make peanut-butter sandwiches, play music. What better life is there? This is my salvation: when I realised I was retired at 21.

Nothing's gonna change my world—The Beatles. What passes in the mind? Chaos. A blurred and demolished reality figurine, in the shape of a figurine, a statuette standing mantelpiece-wise topside heavy like burnt ash in constipated flux, a real heavy cigarette, take a hit, a drag, limelight holiday, creating a craft out of dust puzzles, wisdom in brown paper books, heavy bind, not lacking in endless pursuits of the temporal kind, lazy on a Sunday afternoon, likened to a whisker on a cat, to gauge the hole to fit your head in and to peer across infinity in a blue streak, a wisp of fresh scholastic air… monastic silence, a revving engine of joy, puzzles to contemplate in your mind, essences to distribute in external manifestation of thought, sublimation nation, transfixing the duties of perception to exterior license to spoil rotten this mega-track tape recorder which is the human mind, and hush up, little ones, there's a tale that enters on page 9. Hints were given in past discussions in this temporal stasis basin, this fraction of momentary lapses that affixes to the glory of my interpretation of *deeds or beads* collected in the same

perfection bucket, sauce container, salt and sugar and flour, all dripping seaward distances moleculated, meticulously reticulated, basking in *heavy sun*, and it is a glorious afternoon with wilds of grey and ozone streams from ahigh massive float of grey-tomb wonderments classified under *spiritualism and dichotomy*, the sweet separation of essence and presence, the chicken and the egg?

The story is simple. A man walks downtown to find a prostitute. This is a non-historical document imparted to me from my sleeping friend in his dream. For in his dreaming state he communicated certain body movements to me which were a sacred body language hidden in our protein-binding proponents of physical matter continuity.

He leaves his house on 33rd street. This city does not exist, it was a dream. Metaphors may exist in a dream and hyperbole definitely exists in a writer if he's got any balls to him (or her). Women can have balls too. I've known women with bigger balls than me. So he leaves his house at 9 PM in the broad daylight (Time is non-existent in dream theories). He takes the automatic elevator down to 350 feet below sea level in one of the many cities which have been constructed underground because of overpopulation. In the bowels of the earth, he will find a prostitute.

He wants a real Venus, Botticelli or something, but like a nude bather in Renoir. Someone plump and natural. Her name will be Greta Amsterberg (better known as Chuckles Hamsterbrain). She is a fine woman who can cook and raise kids and put a smile on Michelangelo's David and a stone pecker the size of Gargantua. So the escalator, speed-efficient, takes him down to level 350 below. There is wiring and technical screens everywhere, glaring lampposts for the darkened depths.

Clocks are hung everywhere on the walls of the deepest most unfathomable caverns of Indigo City. The time is 9:27PM. The walk in the gleaming city was wonderful. This man stops to say hello to an old friend in Papa Canasta's Deli where Papa himself grants him a package whose contents are known. He has to deliver the package to level 450 below where obese Clayton Fair (a fair glutton in the dream), his dream-master, will use the sugar in his huge vat of coffee that he needs to drink before he can give him pass to Doug Mutton (dog mountain) where he will enter the Red-Zone of Indigo City.

As we all well know, at 725 he hits bottom. Papa is quick with the package and the protagonist goes on his mission. Step one. Buy a ticket for the escalator. 3$ per 10 foot. Sean is the ticket master (sin). Sean gets you down another several hundred feet.

We will call this dreamscape protagonist, P— himself, as he dreams this up silently weaving a drugsilk mirror into human degeneration. He thinks of the oldest possible scenario: getting a hooker. So Clayton Fair makes his vat of Cimmerian coffee and drinks it down. Sugar and all. He allows him to continue in his dream reality. "Go on," he says, "take your time, it's a dream, you know?"

Visions of grey-robed monks singing in unison, "AUM," and utter the unutterables, whose meanings are engraved in stone relief, etched on the primordial glass of silky crystal, opalescent, subconscious memory of the universe, the cage and sepulchre of Time, in granite freeways, stuck kneedeep in mantle-rock, puissant as a piss-ant.

Gravel stomach muscles. Rivers of fire. Shrines of broken skulls, staffs and serpents swimming in molten magma. So on to see Doug. It's getting creepy, thinks P—. How far does he have to go? Will all this trouble be worth it?

Indigo City. We thought a view of the starlit night was glorious. The somber depths of Indigo City can not be expressed in words. Wooden prism of anti-light slowly circling in a wave of madness. The Red-Zone. Must find the bottom of this broken and cracked figment of my imagination! All said in body movements as P— lays asleep.

Now you enter a high-speed digitally compact freeway of information. DNA is unravelled and read in liquid machines echoing across the bay of infernal data, swarms of binary code and genetic material conking like alabaster sculptures. The fiery eyes watch from the innermost entrails of the Red-Zone. Let the river flow, baby, you're digital now, enter my awaiting cavern of somber nights…

Transmission failed. Re-quote data. Enter abysm, chasm of self-deceit. Ridicule madness. Stomp on the shield of Achilles. Initiate combat! The Red-Zone is made of ideas. It flows through time and inner space. Infrastructure of reality, deep in the bowels and archaic stone of the earth.

Trains and vessels riding the towering wave of illness and queasiness. Boredom, tedium, lessons in the martial law in the war of the senses. We fight those every day. P— is fighting as we speak. He shudders and quivers in his sleep, alien to my gleaming eyes. He looks so peaceful and breathes so deeply, it's intoxicating to watch.

Well, P— doesn't get the Venus of his dreams, he gets to the bottom and meets a cross-dresser named Satanna (Seth-Anna) with her hair pointing straight up in thorny, horn-like protuberances, whose body is horribly deformed.

P—: "How much for an hour, I've come a long way?"

Satanna: "For you, two thousand."

P—: "I only have 400."

Satanna: "That will do."

She has legs the size of horse legs. You can almost make out hooves. She's got a wooden staff sticking out of her ass, shaped like a leg of some sort, with mechanical muscularity. She's almost like a huge blob of fatty tissue, muscle, and tendon and bone, totally deformed, human body deformed! Yes! P— wakes up and says, "HUMAN BODY DEFORMED!" I wonder why. His thoughts were nestled deep in a circle of sleep, a descending spiral of oblivion and sweetness, like the puckered lips of Grandmother Time, Grandfather Midnight Clock ringing doom eyeballs to crystal skulls of effigy. I struck a match and it glowed with redwink eyes, clustered particles of thought matter beneath a beaming super-spotlight of despair.

The Red-Zone was made of tears. Giant rivers of tears flowing forever on and again. We see Japan with the binoculars of the people. Human mechanism, depletion of mental capacity. Death squirrels on the electric wires, making that death rattle, rattle-squirrel of Mont-Saint-Hilaire, a canting crane, sitting on the telephone pole, frozen ligaments sundry, rare is the beauty in these tearful eyes, hoping for threnody hoping to be sly, wire, wire, where are you wire? Electricity?

Circulatory system. Median metacarpal fissure. Deformed bodies of thought. Drenched in thought, particulated of thought longways along the way, today, or is it night still? There is light outside, it must be day, or evening? I see my clock and it speaks a language I know nothing of. Weird shapes surround me and I am black as a spade.

As P— awakens, he tells me more about his dream. His wife was a princess and she was lost at sea. This is part of the reason for getting a prostitute. This of course, is fiction; this is a dream. He was thinking about the self-repetition in the universe, where trees are waves offshore and clouds are the froth of the bellows… human form, humanoid build, what if you took apart a human body and reattached it in a different body form?

The sky was highblue, with gristles for rose petals floating in the wind high and mighty, clouds affixed to the office of the sun, Indigo City is the destination for P—. He added to his dream depiction and it turned out to be a great novel that we sold and made lots of money with.

Tingling in the spine, high-rise detention center, 90% in prison, 10% police officers, rain coming down in torrents of moisture, wetted leaves crinkling into mud, as the partisan walks to the corner store, or to get a hot toddy in the nearby pub.

Foundation, bone, exoskeleton, cement blocks, passion and materials of love, Sonata in C#-minor, blue streaks across the carapace that is our forest scene and ceiling, shield monitors clear in the X-plus factor quadrant, meals free times of day, relay the message to internal telescope.

Dimensionless space vacuity, vacancy of spoilt return-addressing mailtruck and founder fondling, pressed against the broken glass, torn cheek, mechanic human parts… Village Hero is quite the conquistador. He's killed many men. He is getting ready to leave.

Boiling cigarette cherry, cigarette to left forearm, an experiment in control of perception, as in The Teachings of Don Juan: you can control and mould reality by changing your viewpoint. A writer must step in all the foreign palaces of thought and perception and consciousness. All very different things. And he listens to you in a local coffee shop, all the alien voices in my head, say, you asked the neo-sycophant what he was thinking, well, here you've got it: he's paranoid. Very, very paranoid.

Certain monks can swim in ice-cold water or have concrete blocks broken on their chests with sledgehammers. Or pinch needles through their biceps without even bleeding. They are taking the painful stimuli and rewriting it as no-perception or slight-tickle stimuli.

Window, open, lets in cool air creaking in willow sprees, wafting in diametrically, in fluvial wetnesses of the chilly gust, fire the starkind oven of ablution, incense must be burnt and the ground flooded with palm leaves, as the stowaway grabs dinner in a handful and capitulates on his dowager ditty dam. And the pusherman grabs another dollar on 'dinner'.

What I think is truth might just be feelings. Trust the physiognomy of your opponent, it will not tell lies. Even the best poker player sweats under tense moments (hobby tension). Tears of snow, intimate centres of deployment clean from the cuisine.

Another cigarette, another dollar. Stick that news inside your collar. Glory Blue; Aller, Louis! We is in command of the starship mother earth. Organs of revolution. Heartburn, intestinal discomfort and discomfiture, paralysis of the brain, man, thinking strange…

Cinder blocks, blackened by the dripping rain of elsewhere. The newfangled back-door Sam. He ridicules the radicals. Sporadic information leak, in the Red-Zone. Temperate bizone of reproduction messages. The helicopters are out at night in the deepwoods of my sweet depravity. Colossus of frail rain scents bedazzling, stomach of purity, brain of equanimity, plastered, archaic stone monument shielded by Druidic nature spells… sidewoods on my TV screen… the MIRE of DESIRE…

I'm naming my first boy Schizobot. Conspiracy theories all around my brains. Magicians, it must be psychological warfare. Morbid sense of humor. Diametric spaces in the duality of changes. Wheel-long segmatic, segmentary enigma in relief—

The configuration is static. Stratified and beamed onboard the Great Deluxe and the San Hangar, both denied in the annals of history, which is a forgetful estate of consanguineous malady of brain left, brain right, respectively, a scant refusal of publication, rewired television to broadcast light in the dark, headgear to break in the new carpet, decisions impoverished, senseless tales of unity and fixity levels—

Aphrodisiac of natural Misery interpretation. Sadness is a consequence. Life is a depression. But focus on malady and you quickly become ill yourself. Focus on the clouds and the rivers and the stars and you might have a fighting chance, champ.

Hail Aphrodite! Hail Copernicus' veil! Reeking Moses beard, stuffed with banana juice sluicing down the front of his robe. "I never seen no God-given powers," rat-a-tat down the pearly white surface of childhood attention, listening child of innocence, wide-open-eyed, when disrobed and naked in awe with peculiar genitals screaming, yearning, longing for pleasure, yawning bunghole of despair—take a peek… you know it's there. The new moon is there for your infrequent midnight walks. The wind blows bottleneck blues in your ear as you pass by on your rusty bicycle. I can't watch the news, too gloomy. My vessel is roomy with portholes in the side. Three per adjacent wall.

System's banished, left turn to maul, ride the train and intoxicate yourself with verbs, quirks, and diatribes, till the end of Sunday night, when all is right; you're caught in a whistle of Time, *une siffleuse*, which is not a proper sentence, nor is this one, that goes on twirling intrepidly winning over friends and making a mosaic collage composite sketch of utterances—climax, anticlimax, wax, wane, win, lose, ebb, flow, as though you were repeating a mantra of old, timing is an occurrence of time-shop, and we nestle in the crags of lifeless life, snug under the brim of the billow's wail, flashing badges to get into pubs for free, finalising the interment interval (interim) of the brainsnot that collects in yer pores and bleeds you dry of cognisance, blinds you poor in you witless wits; calamity knocks, shall I answer?

No one ever gets the Venus of his dreams. As Monet made a million (hyperbole) paintings of water lilies and various other flowers, yet only came close to making the painting of his dreams, the one final, perfect masterpiece, the enlightener, the brightshine unnerving reality depiction, or dream availing, beneficial customer to the services of the diseased mind (why paint, why not sit and wait for death?), and the answer is: you paint because you're good at it. You feel that you have been called as a painter.

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IV

Absurdity in D-minor with tolling bells…

Doomglitter of sorry night, misty with everlong shades grooming in the tucked corners of the room, night spreading it's scab-ridden gargoyle wings, its torn shawl creeping in the doorway, positioned to reflect the light of Old October Lamp, oil, with terraces in the backyard of the house wide and wooden, stipulating a charm of oasis wisdom and cheery spoil of terror, what really makes you happy, what keeps you sane, the horror in every particle of reality that glitters in the night with all the nocturnal species, man and beast alike, and I ponder there quietly in my bat-cave-dungeon tranquilly reading reality and digesting it for later word spurt in diaphanous and smutty smog collecting in the ageless stone-cut nooks of the cavern in which I lay waiting for spectral presentation of Idea, to thought-mind made wet by Time, and I look through binocular eye-sockets, tubercular head wrapped in dripping sweat-mask, veil of lasting solitude, quivering under mental sheet and clay of empty delusory emulation of catatonic catastrophe, apostrophe of lingering death-dark moments entranced in silence, on a quest of mourning the loss of faith

in the glassy vase of the universe, so frail, ready to be spilled, cracked, and spoilt by ridiculous tap-foot mistake, misplacement of extremities, translucent forgiving sleep, envious of later wake-life emission of secular oracles, of idea-map placed on external projection-perception blackboard, written in the whitest chalk of elder, yore when once the twilight roomed us in its broken shack, a hermit I was, receiving nothing from reality but what I noted down on paper and in thought-mind clear decisional paternity of thought-universe, where I am king (of my own mind), and dole out laws for keepsake of community, subconscious co-operative of mental perception task, and the interior is a ghost which shakes loose the over-abundance of crepuscular bugs and miniature railways of dust—

A plethora of time-efficient frivolities cast away in shipwreck of high-sea where the ghost is the billow's brew, and a cigarette is a mile away from closing your eyes, where thoughts are created, beckoning your sentience to intelligently correlate data from external sense withdrawing of reality from illusion screen of Universal Physical Matter, which is just that, an empty 1920 static projection screen, and the crackling soundtrack is but a whisper in your listening ears, with all the passion and contemplation you have left, each droplet a maneuver of pinching and squeezing The Big & Glorious picture for dream revelation moisture, to be humidified and humanified, reflected in mind's eye, where the train derails and we overcome disaster with safety precautions, on whitesheet paper writing monologue for police action ears, who will possibly probably do nothing, pillars of truth broken in like old leather shoes, and the snow leaves the wet and the salt on the shady streets leave whiteline lingering on leathertop walkboot—

Mechanics of machismo, operating a machine called MAN, and you are the scientist who moves the biocomputer, lessons in cosmetic surgery, worlds of wisdom tied down to solid earth with steel wires, archaic totem manipulation of wood, treebark scratches at your skin like a needle waiting to inject briefings to central biomechanical CPU, assembly line of anticipatory reaction, entranced in sleepheavy, eyes dilated and focused on the storm putting outside in arcs of obscurity, where you just stepped through, the portal, the opening to some phantom universe where the chimera chime their bells, a sweet, succulent tintinnabulation of hellish masterpiece of God-spectacle, a theatre in the bowels of your heart, that cavernous metropolitan city of desires and wishes and concentration, through which you achieve enlightenment and glory and operation of the mainframe idea-molester, the encephalon that controls the chew-toy of undeserving license to harm psychologically which is the human body and which is every man's present yearning, amply striding on the freight train of Hollywood Night, broken shackles halfhanging on shoulder, where a friend once cried, where we dilute the fever with a cold bath and spark a joint for the night to ring with awesome silence—

Dark Beethoven chords, charged with spring, holy countenances like statues of Homer, and god-ridden clouds aching to sprout in action and take over the sky in overcast, as we sit in houses and dream of ruling the world. Where are the comets? What is that clatter in the backroom of my house? It's my friend, he's coming to talk to me, he has been dreaming again…

Self-pep-rally. Government of consciousness. Okra-tedious oriflamme, oddball ridicule-monger of hell, gleaming, steady redeyes of bi-zonal energy expansion, crying for receipts, deathtoiled and pronounced dead-on-arrival, unsolicited orphic beauty, tides that shift moonwise and litigant litany of eye-openers cast in pools of blood in a crimson sea of other-bodies, everybody down to take a fix in the arm, but taking a needle from a dead man makes you a scavenger poet living on potentiality overdrive—

Geographical manipulation of tired-wired-eyes, the lingering hope to see a greyer day still in monotony, framed in a perception-field of vile-ties to the rivers of flame that flow by us. Lazy love and wide-eyes of pondering… stochastic tautology, gift of life, sinful monumental joy in seeing someone bail down a flight of stairs, a stochastic model of radiation-induced mutation, probabilistic secularising of inbred Colossus-fearing shitless, idle wanderers, in schools of thought forming on the edge of town—

I'm in a dark, shady room awaiting death, letting reality unravel before my eyes, cathartic and bland, done in deep ochre and medieval chanting, expiate the evil thoughts, leave them for a brighter day, is this a good representation of what my mind is like? It sure is. These phrases pass through my mind's eye all day long and all night—

He takes a taxi-cab to the movie house. He watches a film from the 50's. My deposition is to think that my morale is low and write the things down that pass in my mind. It works when I am high on life too and happy.

Broken modal chain of events, trapped in a grotto with no spice for meals, just the carcass of a bull who almost took my life, and the sweet marrow of those bones, I cannot get enough, in jazz of words, she climbs the severest of the mounts, Mount Hoopla, hooting and rooting and tooting calamity

moss to the effects of space-peculiar busted metal clanks, vices and rice of the Reich, log up the dock, lock up the dog, rock and Staten Island ferry, is there such a thing?

Language of burning stars, star-matter floating in space, debris of cosmogony, tails and wailing halfbar whiskey Colorado, the whimper of a bird aflight right in the breeze a 100 feet high, slam the brakes, yahoo, and mail the starlight to the bottom of the pit where chickens fly and horses have two horns to blow jazz rhythms to the universe who waits bare-ass in the snaky rafters—

Cosmocreation inherent bliss of tuition maxims stretched out on the silky wetness of morning hours where petals drip dewdrops to the moistened country floor of sweet grass and dandelion weed, chancellor counsellor collecting chaos in a cup—

Stingray apple of your cherry eyes, fascinated by a belt-buckle, listening to Bartok, lonely in the room with shadows merrying around the dead bush, the flame is out, and I retreat to homecavern, humble adobe-abode and self-sufficient grotto, tarnished by my paintings, polluted by my twisted sounds, grumps ever included, as an alien to the coast of The Martian Sea of Thought, winter of my soul, or late autumn, with dizzy splashes of flaring viols spiralling inward into graceful cups, minutiae orgasm, etudes of impressionistic soul cello, the human voice, characters in the generic clothes of your meansof verbal expression, that loathing pianoforte heart, where branches flow and extend off to an unknown infinity, characterised into self-same pockets to strew into the rain the marbles of your concave mirrorbrain stacked to the brim with ink and spells, spellings and an unction's functioning, wide-eyed and bright, flimsy dress of silken munificence, magnanimity, exploit of the sun's vile rays, sun-drip ocean of festivity trails, boiling to the brink of insatiate sanity, corollary of positive influx of ideas, crescendos in the middle of a Bartok piece, highfalutin violins whispering shout of blue notes, sad cries to the wild in the wilderness, a forest that never ends, built in 2027, on Mars, or am I dreaming?

P— likes to dream. He dreamt all day long. He's a visionary. So is Village Hero. Village is gone out on an odyssey, The Bus to Exodus, The Psycho-Techno Wars, habitation of Mars, cloning of extinct animals, and they spread false biomechanical vegetation under a sphere that encapsulates the city, where there is air and land and sea, but these things, all in my mind as delusions. Is it a delusion when it is art? Tolling brains. A squirrel on the electric wires above the street. Songbird caught my fly. Dipped in a river and pool of blood. Cleans the arteries.

Still my beating heart, the pressure of the air in my ears, a feeling of deft nausea, climbing through my veins trying to break my brains, and my entrails float, a visceral stomping, capsules of grey tears wrung on ladders of shame, when reality is a disease as grave as the next, and drugs people can't handle, to them, reality is a crutch—The Village is a Voyage. Epistemology. Grab my microphone. I may as well be writing poetry, really, I could:

tundra and icewhite trickles from the storm
breaking the continuity of silence,
fresh from deceptive morsels of cupidity—
"but I like the storm, I am one with nature in it,"
captivity in the North
on trails of ice
broken down hilltops hilly locking,
craft of nature, blending with poetic streams,
heat waves floating, wafting from
the inner warmth of the river of tears—
winds, gales, the snowy billow, shrill exit
into the deep of the cold—
shade prevails in infinite winter night,
coiled in a rug, metamorphosing into frost,
a penchant for flowing gelid waters:
be a river down the length of me;
be icy cold—the touch of gelid hands—
to freeze me still, unfold my life from me.
your wintry chill to make my body ache—
a shivering quake—a deafening, mad ferocity.
with my shredded sight now completely gone,
i step into the gloom of death;
cast down by a ripping breeze,

i lay stripped and mortified.
an arctic wind disrupts the thoughts
my purpose yields: i fall prey to the
polar beast that lacerates my hyperthermic shield.
my love, my warmth, crawl across my soul
as a meandering stream traversing mystic ground.
move through me like small animals shuffling
through tall prairie grass; strangers guided by
the light of day, akin to stars which seem to find their way
across a sky of honorific tears, beyond the sea
of saporific years. disrobe my truth to find
a burning love that flares; be drawn to me, to move
with me through Space, I want you there…
and the fierce ozone-blue haze of fresh powder,
gems, crystals, powerful stones,
nodal points in the neck of the empty, vacant land—
miles and colossal miles of icedesert—
does it make any more sense,
or did I just further the debilitating obscurity?
like the deep, inky pools you have for eyes…
dark train passing 50 yards away,
the house's superstructure trembles quaintly—
abstract line deviating in a roundabout way,
puzzles to the eyes of the beholder…
frightful north island, surrounded by metallic blue frost,
snowflakes and drizzle pitterpatting in your face,
tears a hole in my soul,
lets the freeflow of my broken spirit fly,
and it all heeds to chaos whistling a tune in my ear,
my Van Gogh not-fitting-into-place jigsaw reality madness—
solid, an archaic state,
beautiful winter of my crying, heaving flesh
and soul,
prairie grass, what a nice thought!
I had a dream I was being killed by bees last night
and to save me they gave me a lobotomy…
I was at the opera or watching a play
and I was catatonically biased in perception;
the moon is a grizzly bear, repugnant and embarrassing,
the bluesky mirth of dreamland is gross intangible,
as the polar wind blazes the skin icedry,
inopportune last-minute blizzard scorching the earth
with eyes of white, glistening,
ad infinitum of snow—
congealed to solid state, thoughts move slowly
on their way to nestle in the grey twilight;
now, long-grass is where I'd like to be,
snug with the buffalo,
laughing
cheering on the sun
in mid-day timestill feverishness,
glaciers moving a mile a millennium,
and happiness is all I have of doves
who, perched above me, sing sadness to the hailstorm of light,
vanishing in the haze, arctic freeze, a coat of milky white,
fuzzfrost hail tumbling in intimate quantities,

bleached dunes of winter solstice,
brainwreck tundra lesion of the northern glass vase
shattered into a million pieces
scattered on crystallised ground fragments
hello to chill, goodbye to the river's dance—
she is frozen still tonight—

Eternity petals and ghosts of ancient history climbing the fiery steps to the door that leads out of hell; hose down the freight train, he's too heavy for me; Mr. light is shining in the bathroom window, with purple mullion and tacky newspaper wall—

Barstool winedrink, hand a cup, staples notepaper to slanted forehead, with gentle touch of suave pinkfinger touchtalk, remembrance of things replenished and past and forgotten, with numbers in the game, makes it all mathematical, which is what chaos is made of, abstract figures, equations, formulae, all which are mankind's soft creation, typewriter paper stuck to the door, saying, "Visit if you may, the owner is out to lunch," but the frantic poet is indoors scribbling sonnets on toilet paper, definitely 'out to lunch' in the less archaic form of the words—

Frivolity of spirit, trapped in a cavern of my own design, spelling out numbers with vacant stares to the clockwork of the face of Time, my radio, my watch, and my computer dancing its binary twist, always hectic antic in possession, rapt in adoration, fixity striving, lost in the morning of saintly September, or is it October Night glancing over us with strange gawk, twitching at the mouth, singing soft sprays of gold imbecility towards the far-off shore of bedazzle winter fragrance—

A Beethoven string quartet in B-minor was found in an old British library—time to start looking in old libraries for hidden texts or musical accomplishments—federal Quincey windle, that phrase means something to me, something big, like a monument for World War II veterans, or a rocket that just landed on Venus, if there even is landing space on Venus, but I would sure like to fly there, wearing a red bandanna, bringing stifling beauty products to the masses…

It's my religious duty to help people in their lives. How many times have I heard that coming from a blind man? festoon the daughter of remittance, pittance, and good riddance. Startplane riding in the west, coming from the east, fences of moistened wood, rotting at the core, slabs of cement where a house will arise, erect as a defunct mausoleum, grave and undisturbed, flagrantly delirious, mock-something, or all things, different in its essence, but still art.

Denigrate art, such somber dreams, darkened from their mother's wombs, stuck in a churning stomach of pain and self-negating war, a battle of the senses, right down to the nutty grits, down to the forester of that theatre in yer heart, in yer arms, deep in the bosom of your newfangled charm, interior community of organs, shoguns, and befriending viral tendencies of the port to your porky palms, stigmataming the stories of your pores, becoming one with the glory of your nose, eyes, fingers palpitating towards unknown secrets, sugary sweet, syrupy sensational, not to mention the mapwork of your infranet neural bed of tangled webmystery, present in vile tides erupting in cavernous fluency in languages of the soul, braintalk, brain befabulator, entranced in soliloquy, organic matrimony of verbs and words, flipped ont he upside tract of mental shrubbery, stillness of the projector screen of your deepnesses, the recesses of your mind, too great and downpouring to visit with an eyetube mirrorlens, or binocularity, something quaint inside of there, something human, something disrobed and gusted with showmanship reconstruction, oligarchiform, slanderous, besmeared of gory chalkwhispers, trailed in enmity/vanity, clustered in morselchunks, frequently visited by those vestibular arteries—

Try and concentrate on the blood that flows inside your body, inside your limbic extremities, neural network passageways, brainfood leaving the body in the one systematic renewal of organic chemistry, food digestion, defunct metropolitanism, theories of the joint establishment of seaward gloom, pocketing the glory for another day, laywaste lacking in medicine, further in the timestable corollary of smudge, paint on the fingers presenting artists with an adept wisdom of motorvehicle phalanges striking notes on the clavichord of Time, redrage passivity, cloister for madthoughts, and where do people go when they die? Mexico? California? The North Pole?

The sea of ideas, diatribe of Mr. All-purpose Thesis, derogatory remarks from insufficiency of self-love, carmine river of blood, esophagus striped with moss, stomach filled with ginger root, and a cavity in the top of the head where, like a curtain, thoughts climb to the skies, divide the seas and cry, for asking why, and tumble to the ground, laughing in the sunshine, proud of their last eerie sonata, or some sort of rubber mesh utilised to jump through the ceiling like a springboard to smile miles high out of sight, reaching the stars and falling back down to earthen ground, solid-state *terra firma,* gone—

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V

Materialistic human participant particles…

Like a fresh moon basking in the twilight, being washed by darkness, sizzling like a huge pearl-white popcorn kernel in the oven of '*ad astra per aspera'*, unit of incertitude, calamitous flock of rockhard bustling jets, fire in the skylight, winter souls collaborating on a new space-time novella on the deconstruction of reality in subversive bites, to chew, and all along the riverside are buildings made in the 19th century, *anno domini*, with curtailing reality digits descending like the curtain of eerienight drop into the pit of perplexity, finalising the study of moronic contemplation of beauty, side-rails plenty, fond of the rectangular prism, like a sidewalk, walking in the moonlight, crepuscular bewandering—

Pleasure of defacing government property, dangling off the ledge of stupidity, dropping down the fathomless burrow which leads to the netherworld, insanity is a brain corrosive agent, skyline wide, remembrance of follyfury, golly gee, I've forgotten my helmet, and the participant nation surrounds me in broken mires of swamplight, trampoline to battalions of night, waving serenity flags, unfurled, to the ages of the masses, courageous and belonging to no sorry estate, calling the wild to eat out your refrigerator, mostly antmeat and cauliflower, drudge and surly lips distinguished on a wan face, smiling —

Wax, melted and frowning, petals of a beauty uncovered in the storm, like a transmaterialite horseman of Time Sufficient Adoring, lunar module corrupted by the ebb and flow of seconds, faster streaming down the clockface of my riddled reality, with monsters in the groves and roses lain on my gruesome grave, a thousand and one applause, plausible, and referent conferencing in a brightly lit unionroom where poets talk dirty to the hole in the wall, and it answers—

I speculate on what I might find in Time, what schools I'll abuse, what rivers I'll glide on with hoverboard mania, futuristic *'Brave New World'* insatiate Colossus reign, and the tundra of my despoiled heart and mind, a creature in a painting that lingers in the mind, like a sentence screech from a popular song, and all I want to do is rock the boat till someone falls overboard, like a petal floating in the swamp, pretty, having just tumbled down through thin air, to the besmogged mire, whistling as she worked, spinning down to sad fluid earth, where she lays dying in corrosion—

DNA of the holographic universe that extends within the higher dimensions creating a foundation for our minutest particles and with magnification (contemplation) we can extract the data of the 'inward-interior' outer extremity dimensions.

Minutes rushing, bland and agreeable, toxin in the neck of Stars, calypso dancers stimulating dance-off rutabaga dash across mink carpets with stitches commemorating the decline of post-impressionism, madly, deterrent of singswarms dilated, swimming in tea, with a piece of moon between your lips, shine that *there-you-know* song, the solo with the cello, Bach, rigid planks of wood with flowers painted on, the petunia is a violet twist horn of drooping silk banner with a clean ripple across its surface in the sun, barrage in the hills, military action, proposals, dignified articulators stating with a penchant towards rattling that they will only eat at a table with seventeen different utensils, with frippy tablecloth of steaming crystal vapours (*Dunst*) and oak table of October glistening underneath, concealed (*sich verseckt halten*)—and what are we to know of the oak and its fine finish if it is hid infra-counter-towel, or some such utterance to describe that which is placed on the table, like a place-mat, irregularly placed, sporadically speaking, on which we sprinkle dishes and cutlery, on which we spill intimate quantities of food, racing back and forth across the length of the wooden counter, and what is language anyway?—

Burning cigarette, a feeling in the belly, the rising and falling smoke particles forming intricately woven diaphanous exhalations, you can see faces, riddles, jigsaw puzzles, that is what I think of the human body, if you take it apart into its organs and bones and hair and tendons and muscles and cartilage and put it back together in a different shapes but connecting everything in the proper way so that it can still live but is shaped more like a ball and you have toes to stay up and to roll around, giving you a good 3 pound pressure on those little babies that you can use to push yourself enough to bowl down the hill, this is the *human body deformed*! and another interpretation might be the forms of the human body like systems, and that you can use these systems in literature, deformed, it should read Human Body Forms, but I am tainted with a screwy gene that makes everything twisted and disgusting, but I have practised several art forms and these body forms fit into the art forms! by use of the body in the act of painting, or seeing, thinking, hearing, smelling, feeling, everything, those senses, in words, signify everything that has ever been correctly thought out, look at Ulysses, look at Proust, every smell, every

lingering moment of existence written in the memory in book form, or human form, or human body deformation form, convoluted like the arteries, flowing and returning back to whither it came, and the heart that pounds, the rhythm, muscles rhyme in overlapping, especially in the back, the back rhymes, the central nervous system is a network, like the veins, that is expansive and flows freely through every part of the body, the essence of existence, the essence of presence, the essence of art, of ideas, of meticulous announcements in the rural places of North America, where you go and retreat from the glamour and gold of city districts, like seeing garbagepersons heaving around buckets of trash, covered in filth, okay, wear gloves, but you can't hide the smell, poor bastards, I guess you have to make a living, may as well peel potatoes, or carve cartwheels out of bone—

I am looking at a Picasso, *'Seated Woman in an Armchair'*, 1941, and I can't believe my eyes, it's definitely Cubism, it's more than just that, her right hand is a sort of a green clumpystump, the yellow-ochre left hand is razor-sharp, striped dress, top half is dark brown and almost looks like a distorted, upside-down Marathonian bull, the chair is blood-colored, viscous, heavy, deranging, close to death, in a red armchair of despair, climbing to a stand-off in the mountains, directly inside them in tunnels, and this is what you witness in the deepest part of your journey into the crevasses and craters of the mountain of pain, black background, violent, seeping through me, rinsing my eyes with a devilish hook, her face is schizophrenic, broken up, cut-up, Cubist! and dangerously so, Olympian grass, a twisted grimace, as though there were a filter in between the painter and reality which warped every detail, like broken glass scattered on the floor, like tiles piled up together in chunks, millions of dust particles swarming on a canvas, making what is seemingly a human form, but it is just a bunch of paint, irregularly placed almost at random, to make beauty from chaos, and I know that some painters think out every step of the process, and maybe Cubism is a form of thinking *'too much'* about the process, overanalysing reality, breaking everything into primitive shapes and forms, human forms, shattered glass shards sprinkled before the gleaming eyes of the visual poet, askew, collapsed and crushed before a pulverising force, the power of the information-receiving artistic mind, populated by novel thoughts and complicated understandings of reality, what is, what isn't, there is also empty space in some paintings, like those of Monet I saw at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, almost unfinished, poetic, they take your mind from where it stands and makes you lean forward in anticipation, and you back up, come closer, move to the right, to the left, close up again, and you have just begun your contemplation of art in the highest degree, art that is both magical and mysterious in the same sentence, which is a fragment of thought, a participant in the expurgating of physical confusion before the binoculars of the soul, before an anticipatory brain, waiting for death, in an armchair, scarlet, bloodstained, amatory and yet so revolting it brings the mind to the edge of perception, waiting for another glimpse, I must blink, but I cannot, I must stare into the hidden depths of this imaginative piece, groundbreaking and off-beat, original, strange, on the edge of your soul-seat peering across the void, into eternity, where essences lie, where the soul is a grotto of infinite grey-brown wooden staircases to levels of an infinitely large library where the ego overlooks the process of categorisation, and this Picasso reminds me of a time when I was 6 or 7 looking into a book of paintings, possibly Impressionistic, and my dad took a picture and later painted it, I was young, and we had just broken a jar of raspberry jam, on the floor, as surrealistic as anything, and I am the character of this painting, having suffered the loss of jam, in a jam, you could say, we slurped it up through straws, and I sat, young blond-haired me, with father knowing, posing for the paternal photographer, and he insists, *"Act naturally,"* and I do and the and the painting is a masterpiece—

I sit in my chair, propped up, pondering reality, and what comes of it? Does pondering make things clearer? No, it makes the mind sharper for next time's perception, and on and on *ad infinitum*, circling the rounds of human experience, dilating pupils, trucks of perception, wheels propped on street, street circling, arteries of the city map, arterial design, breathing, in, out, circles, and the face is round, sitting in a chair, contemplating the void, void of essence, a label which reverted means that the essence is void, it necessitates real eyes and real ears, to stare vacantly into thin air, smoke circles, human recognition forms, filing cabinets of the mind, external stimuli categorised, in the same box as internal stimuli when you are schizophrenic, it's the fractal geometry of memory, fractal compression, and perception can be altered by use of the mind, when a friend's gentle face is the moon, and the moon is the face of your mother, watching out for you when you are a child, crying lips, and she offers you a hug that makes you fully replenished—

O, the times of youth, the colorful diagrams, the books that you never read, the hand-writing that is impoverished, askew, twisted fingers tapping at invisible keyboard of later years, mind reeling, mad, vacant stares, and insatiate staircases of yesteryear, following the tradition of Time and Space, how

things revolve, thoughts especially, like blood in the veins, like thoughts in the mind, impulses in the brain, electricity in the walls, in wires, pixels on your monitor, pixelated reality fragments caught in think-tank that is a rover in the lands of sleep, and alert, the mind is sharp, enlightened senses, and you envision the great communion of God, of everything, the all and the every, spinning electrons, gravity of spirit, gravity of matter(s), both at the same time, and Time in the clockwork of my watch, the digitality, the thought concerns, selective memory, roundaboutly listening, catching *'des flocons d'neige'* of reality configuring, masses, shapes, sizes, logic is a tool we use to understand such realities, and even it can fail —

Pass the whiteplasticjarofsalt for a spacious expedition in linear time elements paralyzed by disfiguring monotony classes and glossaries of temptation molecules growing on the adjunct serenity blossom of a quaint, little dinner for two—

Each thought, to me, has a certain sequence of words which describes it almost perfectly. The above sentence is such a one. Spontaneity governs this usage of powerful determinations inferred in casual monsters of presence over essence, on a date, pass the sugar, baby, and you pass out from overlurking of drinking non-water, alcoholic beverage, in glass, statuesque, yearning, boiled, defibrillated and consummated in cautious minutes of timepass flowing a stream down the inches of the clockface, melting or solid, tedious, uninteresting, brought present by moving hand or numbers, in warpzonal interment of existent data emulation, the frost on the nose of the igloo, the door, i mean, the daughter of the four winds climbing a curtain of seaward glistening, horizonating in a resounding glimmer of faint washes, water-color dreams cascading in rivulets on whitepaper artbridge, thought-relating morsel of efficiency pained in timetaking offices of derailing ingredients blasphemed in portentous tarts of self-explication, aroused by eyecheck, eyeflaws burning mad in envious turf-of-head, focused on the remainder that is left from total internal expansion of innermost reality universe, timebliss, timeblush, primal in asteroids, spinning for the quest of sister grace, a childhood nightmare where you can't find your baby sister, caught in a dreamweb of nostalgic whispers, static in the spine, crying, redhotwaiting, in bed, waiting for the universe to collapse, waiting for Time to stop spinning its thread, carpet-watching, carpet-drawing, smoothcarpet tack in ear of listening, years on the proverbial dial of numerical coincidence, find pi in the earth's rotation, infinity in the processes of nature, a nature that will have an end, a very sad one, *mea culpa, mea culpa*—

You can't italicise a hyphen or a dash, and writing is a product of the thinking mind, who wants to write but the man or woman to whom thought has been a gift? Thick red carpet and Rembrandt light-dark texture, candle buzzing fluff in the next room, this is a dream, and a sickly music erupts from the center of the yester-room, the room you were just in, and now plausibly you stray into the next chamber or the following, or antecedent, office, you leave the preceding and enter the forthcoming, which is dark except for a sliver of flame, blue at the forefront, at the flame's inception, the heart, core, interior foundation, and it's odd what puppet-shows you can see on the walls where paintings are hung, and a wide chandelier of finest stone is propped ceilinghigh frustrated and lingering in its moist topdrawer position in the study, and as you exempt yourself from sleep, you enter the chaotic den of midnight green, an ocean swarming with nightcreatures, puzzles in the barely visible outlines to shapes some of which you can't discern, some of which are blatantly obvious, storefront black and tacky greys, green in the moon that's made of milk, the jade moon of ancient times, same lunar diabolicism, bilious mountains of shade, peeking pearl skyhigh, munificent and adoringly stamped in the nightsky, riddles vexed a link to the heaven which you spot with your keen mind out of the blur of the hour of death, as though the sky was a ink curtain with a spot of whitewax, stamped with the figure of Holy Mary, soft and crepuscular, of twilight origin, yet sometimes visible in the daytime when sun shouts a blasted cacophony of burntcrisp, boiling scartissue solargrinning, powerful, unremitting face, as opposed to the tubercular night, moonshine begot, with candle and smell of wax, the smouldering minute crash of flamboyance in the empty room, the library with tilted books lined up in jumbled pattern, smell of old manuscript, blood, sweat, and tears of toiling, the giant dome that peers into the sky, where stars are countrylit, bright and ambient, and the hour is a time of repose, but something wakes you and you walk to the gigantic bookcloset, years in the making, and a music sounds its early rhythms, it's primal screech, ambient, it's, it's Bartok! and its eerie Mandarin composition instils us with a gaping wound in the heartregion, broken fits of laughter, the most lachrymose and sad belonging to the night, walking in slippernightgown, room with hushing flowerflame, sungone candle whimpering soliloquies to vacant room, and you stare at the void and silent serenity, tables, drawers, books, more books, Plato, Hegel, Descartes, Aristotle, Homer, Joyce, Proust, riddles to be ingested, koans of yore, burning in the mind, and a colossal sob to remind

you of your childhood when father and mother bathed you in yarns about the creation of the stars that sing outside your window—

Bela Bartok, singing in an empty room, eyes askew, twisted in a grin of evil, a secret pantomime, *'The Enchanted Stags'*, on an old phonograph, with whiskers of death crawling on traintrack of sufferance, trucking along to infinite wizardwatch calamity and moss, bilious green, corrupted and yawning a distant carcass coiled in fetal position, seems he awaited death till it nicked him, just in Time, and he could crawl no more, dead, in the study, with the hammer, at 2AM, my brother, my father, my Book of Blues opened to sad *entr'acte*, page of glimmering blues battalion songs, Kerouacian, somnolent, where last I bathed in *jazz of notes* à la Jack, and I must have left the old record player, listening to Beethoven, but now, by Jove, who put on the Bartok, and shouting so loudly into my tired ears, what ghost wants me to take the Time to listen carefully? What phantasm wants to purge the spirit of Bartok in violent frowns and grisly unbecoming grace of violins flowering the rain of burial psalms?—

Barbaric, pollinated, it has such a sad particulate air to it, I'm frightened to listen yet the music moves me, clear, pungent notes clarifying my limbostate carousing in the open night, frightened by loud cries of tolling deathbell bright and soaring in the heavens, O Bartok, with wholetonal panchromaticism, with bleached, wan face of trumpet blare, costing us a story in the morning paper, costing us a moment to distinguish the polytonality and polyrhythmic systematisation of noise, yet the so-called *'noise'*, elegantly laid out for us in movements, a proud and elevating music, yet it is so sad, what happened, Bartok? Did Beethoven precede you 100 years? Are you angry at *'The Miraculous Mandarin'*? I wonder, what grimaces does the Mandarin make when you visit him on *'the night of bald mountain'*? What scary thoughts race through your head, exasperating your every potent formula, careening sideways like a swaying blackbird lullabying the night with a screech and twitter, calm, expressive, no excess, a wispy air, delighted in flying at midnight, or 2AM, or during the day, what hunger have you, lonely songbird, that you might float on by entranced in embryonic hypnosis?—

Chase him! Fly! You cognisant bird of wisdom perch! Wistful, benevolent calm, unused by time-efficient members of the realm of synthetic goatherds, miles and miles of plastic spouts, Technicolor Tupperware, the land of the behaved, and the home of the spree-shoppers, these books were written in the ink of the gods, some in pencil, I'm at great peril in my hiatus to sunshine valley up North in the purple cloudforest, distant violet mounts, apexes in all eternal and macrocosmic directions, whereabouts in the North? It's in the lowlands, it has cattails in the ditches on the highways, it has rain that makes everything blue, and frost collects as droplets of water freeze, and higher North is the tundra, the needles in the flesh, freeze, you freeze as you absorb the cold, and an everfrost mirrors your eyelids into cones, withered and steely in the updraft North, evil, tenuous glacial fog, and this is an imaginary life, partly biased by my standpoint in North America, Canada, Boonyville, where one neighbor is a cornfield farmer and the other is a mountain that disappears in the bad weather, and I mean clouds the size of Giganticism, and ice particles come in the winter, but in the mind, winter is an eternal state, a sadness, coolness, shady, chilled, a gruesome attitude towards reality when perceiving it, I change what comes in and warp it and when it comes back out in art it forms into a deformed mass, another cigarette, I see trains and dragons in the shadows, in a frigid reality, where autumn has began, winter and autumn, that one long arduous season from October to March or even April, a singular seasonal system, or binary digits drifting, biocide winter interim, a binomial expression, winter-like is minus, summerspringlike, the positive, polarities of clime, duality, dualism, dichotomy, fluttering flute counterpoint, dazzling array of dark and dismal Bach, when he gets that way, and yet, he can be so spiritual, so godlike, so euphonious, mesmerising, collegiate, masterful, wise, his *Fantasia* in the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in d minor, so tragic, yet light and frivolous in some senses, you can see it, well, it is really only present in one aspect: it's Bach, and you can discern from the time period, the harpsichord, and ah, the *Recitato*, how clear it comes to my mind in four letter words, how concerned are we of planet earth? Do we love and cherish things like Bach in this geographical location? I believe that classical or chamber music still exists in Universities and Colleges all around the world, in performers of the aforementioned time periods in the history of music, and, oh, Bach isn't afraid to use the extremes of the clavichord, or harpsichord actually, arpeggios, speeding up slightly, oh, it sounds jazzy, the chordmaster himself extrapolating diaphragmatic pragmatism, yes, why not breathe properly with the mind when plucking the strings of a harpsichord with hammerettes or splinters or coiled raggedypluckers, plinks of the plunk funky in the romp, getting jiggles into the masses of your diagram, the effigy of broken glass, the countenances of each note in Bach, the mathematical construction, binary, decimal, megatronic possessiveness, triumphanting abnegation of espoiled reticulation, abeyant masses in surreptitious laughter, cradled in a lawnmower, sleeping till he

turns it on, and then, well, a mess has issued from the misuse of whippersnips, and a collegiate dictionary bound in torn edges, tells me that abnegation is porous, that you can deny all things, be a solipsist, "It all was issued from me, by me," and all that diatribsy tripe, the register of this magical clanking pluckety harpsichord, as though he's giving us a lesson in his *Fuga*, yes, the intermingling of tonal events, and every note is a passageway to the construction of the whole, every note is awaiting the next and they each dance together, past, present, and future, mixed in a gland of living harmonic machinery, reticulation: network, and living to the biological peak of human experience is the divine order given to man in the midst of his beginnings and Biblical begetting, a pounding rhythm in the brain, an *'And unto Enoch was born Irad: and Irad begat Mehujael: and Mehujael begat Methusalem: and Mathusalem begat Lamech.'* kind of pouncing beat that never ends—

Polyrhythms, like the breathing of *one-two-three* and the beating heart of *one-two*, right there you are bound to have polyrhythms, and the way the mind works, thought layered on thought, thoughts composed of words, two-syllable, three-syllable, one foot, two foot, three foot, four, down to the baker's in and out the door of yore, the portal to an upset future, or a returning to past excursions in the woods, maybe you're with Monet, or Blake, for I'm sure Robert Blake was in a forest at some time, most people have seen one or two forests: I have seen many more, O how the body is made of forms, and the spirit and soul booming shout-happy *slap-of-the-leg* funny, together, all forms a piece from a giant jigsaw puzzle, which is the Tao and all the infinite nothingness which is the afterthought or aftermath of the present presentational somethingness, or does the vacuum precede the material existence?

I think both are inexistent, for I am an antivert, not extrovert or introvert or ambivert, I am the antivert, I don't belong to a single one of the poles, I am in purgatory, wow, even in limbo they have Bach, bless your soul, dancing fingers clackety clack on the harpsikeyboard, notes flying left and right, sculptures of sound, ambient, ambivalent, non-atrocious, unclumsy, straight, *in parenthesis*, can get gloomy at times, at all the right times, let's just say that Bach is magical, divine, a great mathematician, could have been a Cubist for some reason, and have you ever stood watching someone sleep that you love, wondering what they were dreaming of when they twitched an arm or finger, when in their movements you decrypted a message of a reality of pseudowhores, glamorous, where's the party? Jokingly plump with make-up and long dresses, all of which are horribly unbalanced, showstoppers squinting sexy eyes, deformed, always, for deformation is Avatar 6, the deadly virus, labelling, known as *moniker avatar*, avatar meaning: an incarnation in human form, and moniker meaning: nickname, the disease of the nickname, how banal, so it kills in humanoid form, kills humans by seducing them in a whorehouse by using nicknames?

If I am not mistaking, this is a book of my thoughts. I think in fragments lined up one beside the other to make a perimeter of dazzling beauty, a rich psychovocal range, the ability to adapt to the freedom of prose, or I could say, prose-poetry, but why label this reality which is a form of art, expression of abstract ideas, ideas in the shapes of the human form, ever see a mountain in a breast, or the supremacist, Gargantuan-phallic cactuses? Octopii waft acluse, dimineraton, triadic castaways, drifting in a quiet sea of nightwonder blundering *dash-and-strike* mineralocular bipeds of flowerblossoms favoring the rain to the guest of dryheat, cast off to some god-ugly Fairmount of the genesis of angelwrap, tucked wings beneath halo moon, rings of blue extending from the outer edge of the circumference, inward, creating the metabrain, the blue veins of the metabrain, my psychosis, self-diagnosed, of the magmadogma Imperialism of the ages, flashback of toy truck, jeep, I dunno, whizzing by on fourparts, extremities counting, rolling in the dirt with superhero figurines, splashing in the lake which is a pool, the pools below, red hotblaze, the Red-Zone, where the mind is erupting in pyroclastic clouds, boom, flush the toilet, registering reality in sizeable bites as compared to avaricious stumbling of food down your drain, why I've been treating myself to musical analysis, and it goes with my human forms theory, self-repeating holographic reality, illusory, fractal, mathematical, I just call it the human forms theory because I believe that there are simple forms in the universe as perceived by man, and in the way it is categorised in the brain, in dreams and in instant appraisal of illusion bitmaps, decrypted by the brain in present time, ah ding, can't sleep, too many fractals in the shade, and the story goes on and on, the text I mean, no real story, in spirals, like those of a dreamscape, nightmarish, hellish, effusion of madness blaring on the open saddles of the horsehenchmen, transmaterialite, of course, which is an object or body which moves through another of similar kind, molecular structure, it can be done through things of different molecular structure but you risk being obliterated by the impasse of the molecules, for, you see, molecular structures that are similar can lock together and seep together swarming in the same pool of atoms, as we ultimately are with our surroundings, I see no real boundaries in thought, and the

disintegration is from the *incompatibility* of the physics of the two atom-mounds, so I see a man dressed in black commencing countdown to first encounter with transmaterialite intertransmission of DNA, mix is forwarding data to central vacuity subliminator, in short, he comes closer and closer to me until he reaches full adaptability flash, reconstructivism of dilated frizzles (spaces between molecules in imagined universe), and you feel cold, always cold when something strange is about to happen, like levitation, or psychotic interludes when I flicker from external stimuli to internal stimuli at a rapid rate and I can only make out an average and they cancel each other out and I am catatonic, in remission, in solitude existence apart from all reality, dressed in a communal dream spasm, a clock that ticks, ticks, ticks, and you shrug and pout at the anti-reality of existence, human experience bound and *shut-the-lid*, quiet ruminating in old cabinets stored away in the brain, ready-access available, blunders that make us wonder —

Toxin in the neck of the Swan, whitewaterfalls, blushing, systematic approach to listening, and the dream is in a light vein, squirming to and fro, whittled from a block of wood, a stump, and you make a boat to play with in your daily bath, with thoughts in the mind, yet in the swanwater pond you bathe an ablution of specious arguments, a pleasure to run your hands in the falling water from highriser splash, almost knocking you out, like a bird, and the human body, nude, is as wonderful a sight as the scraggy beard of the highway roadside, the soft genitals of the fluffy clouds, et cetera, and there's nothing like bagpipes in the wind on a Saturday afternoon, lurking in the distance, a bagpipe, single piper, far off in lonely outskirts, and the October post-rain mellow temperature, just about right, maybe 15 decrees Celsius, makes me wonder what the temperature will be in 15 years from now on October Cold, the impasse, the roadblock distinguished in the mind, of the mind, and-of-the-mouth, winding in colorful diagrams and spaces in the tides, like vacuums, or whirlpools twisting infinite gherkin green undertow, the billow's brave brew, bouncing in balls of beauty, raft on the high seas, make wisdom a trail to follow, a quest, dignity included, to honor the annals of Time, the teachers of yore, past assemblies, schools, old Greek poets dreaming of philosophies, Ethics, Epistemology, all the grand works, taking years in the making, written manuscripts, written by hand, sore wrist after hours of scribing, and if I were by some rapids, on a raft, just about to go under the rushing torrent, the flipsy spring, I jump on a small island with underground tunnel to hidden city, a city made in rock, with one million inhabitants, just a city of stone, deepstone, from the unders of the everything, a city carved from mantlerock, in the deepnesses of the earth, with libraries, including the lost books of Alexandria, like a *swan-arm* arc, October Silence, with whistling in the wind, a wave in your thoughts continuing off to infinity with oblivion making you forget the whole of reality, you are mentally comatose, you can just breathe and fart, with blood flowing, but you are silence, submerged in the delicacies of Quietism, and you think of *no-thing*, mind at rest, slowly emptying it out with every breath, breath in: one, two, hold breath: one, two, three, four, breathe out: one —

You're catching my drift, AUM, makes me think of a sentence from *'Poetics of Music in the form of six lessons'*, by Igor Stravinsky, as follows, the sentence from the book, : "The erratic block is no longer a curiosity that is an exception; it is the sole model offered neophytes for emulation." It goes with my unified theory of everything, and not Superstring sub-theory, The Quiet Lotus, a book in nine parts, that stipulates the existence of a 10-dimensional universe, the latter ones being inserted into the first 4-dimensional universe as a foundation to the 'screen' of existence, human experience, there is an illusion in 4 dimensions, but behind every illusion there is a truth, an essence, like a cathode ray, tubeiform, miles and miles of horizon and bluestreaks whizzing in the suddenly warm bagpipy post-rain events of intoxicating nature, not debilitating, just making the spirit heavy and sweating, the spirit drenched in sweat, coast guard Holy Spirit, coming to save you, make you whole, I believe in a unified theory of everything, science, religion, all of human knowledge, because knowledge is just removing the covers from a bed deep inside with a lone-sleeping baby who knows everything, you uncover a leaf and reveal to yourself the knowledge that was inherently inside of you, intrinsically, so each human gets his ideas from the same co-operative cognisance of the universe by man, woman, and child, in dreaming and in wakehood, unanimously collective consciousness, "*Writing is nothing but the representation of speech; it is bizarre that one gives more care to the determining of the image than to the object.*" *- J.-J. Rousseau, Fragment inédit d'un essai sur les langues*, bedazzlepuzzlions, envious of the new snow that will come in late October, or November, but what is Time anyway? I like what St-Augustine has to say of Time—

I just took a walk and the train passed, what a perspective I had from the side, it wasn't a very long train but clamorous still, and I saw moss growing next to a hedgerow, soft, delicate mossy ground, bright green and dark green, rich green, like a pine tree puppetshow as cuspidor carapace, fibrous,

bilious, mossy, sweet, wholesome, the prairie floor, country big dipper the size of Jesus, without city phosphorescence, in the heartland of Canada, socially, Ontario and Quebec have large populations, and they fill a huge part of the center, eastern center, I'm not a geography buff, all I can say is that I practise arts of all sorts, from the art of scribbling to martial arts; I think that the 5th and 6th dimensions may be one dual dimension, Because it goes from a perfect four, three twos, and the 7th is 1; 8, 9, and 10 are the inwardspiral dimensions, but none of this can be proven, it is just poetic speculation, you may as well be saying something or other, even if it doesn't make sense, and I was wondering, they say the art of the insane, well, some people put it down, and in some cases I wonder, if a madman, schizophrenic or neurotic, psychopathic, manic, etc. paints and he is not conscious of reality, he lives in a dreamworld, well, what does his art reflect? This hallucinogenic trip? Then his art may be great, just as any man's art can be great (or woman, obviously), one just has to master the physical aspect of the art, the technique, so that one can express the internal universe which is all that one really has, everything else is in comparison to your own reality, others are floating bodies in the pool which is you eye, tears trickling downface pouring onto cheek & jaw, your smile turns to a twisted grimace, and you cry, seemingly so, and you dance, and clap and sing—

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INTERLUDE in B-minor:

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Thusly the cookie crumbles. The deformation of reality, subversively. We crank the whore's son. Material incognisance. I'll call you in the duodenum. Strange but laughable. Material Existence has basic forms. When a form is changed, it is deformed. The human body can undergo physical warping, slouching and twitches are highways, consciousness through addiction to narcotics is a much wider freeway, but the point is that things change, we are all in a constant state of flux, man—

And dogs are human bodies deformed. I once thought that dogs could know everything about another dog just by smelling their scent in urine or in hair. To some extent this may be true, but I shan't follow up on that thought.

I want to make love to all the Naiads, Dryads, Hamadryads, Oceanids, Oreads, Nerieds, but especially The Oceanids, for they are the nymphs of my great river of dreams. Nereus is with me on my raft, with Charon and Virgil and Cupid and Cain as we descend into the cavernous whirlpool—

I especially want the Pleiades too: namely, Sterope, Celaeno, Alcyone, Merope, Maia, Taygete, and Electra. I want to make love to Venus. Humans dreams are deformed myths. A river is a deformed ocean. There 10 planets, including earth. All deformed particles surrounding reality in a network of lies, lies, lies, tired wired lies of the distant whispered path of enlightenment, the Unutterable Minutia Etude—

He's ready to go to +5. We can't handle +5. The village is a voyage. The city is a garden. Gardens are universal. Everything is universal, human experience is mythically universal. And people are flowers that grow slowly over eons of flowerlife, flowerstrife—

Bartok and his mandarin holyman, Beethoven and his 4-note ode to Salvation. There are rivers on the earth and ravines in the neural network of our minds, and in our arteries and veins! Listen to this idiot, he's on to something!

Rock the rowboat ferryraft of love till the bulbous head spews frozen tundralingering moisture of a million vacant cabalistic moonvapors. Fractal geometry. Islands, computational reality subversifying. All writers are schizophrenic? It makes sense when the stories have a million voices—

Da-da-da-dum, those 4 memorable tones, those 4 dimensions, those four mental states: sadness, happiness, brooding, fear. If Finnegans Wake is a thesaurus of story plots, Human Body Deformed is the excelsior whim of a crack addict lost in a sea of abandonment.

The deeper you go, the more you feel alive. Enter the grotto. What would you do if you found The Great Alexandrian Library in a dream? Would you awaken and curse the dreamkeepers? A 4-leaf clover, what luck that brings! Wide-eyes smiling to infinity in a bundle, caressed and slim in fingers of the moil's foiled flaw. Permanent vocational seastreets vacillating quietly ashore. Ultramarine Intermezzo Cascades, blushing in the flowers of red irony. Abhorrence is the Cupid of my starlight eyes, finished, intrepid, and lying in the *Paysage*: an artist's reality put to paper with watercolor or oil paint or iron filings and glue, it doesn't matter, and this *Paysage* sucks you into it, you can't escape, it's like the roses of Monet that I saw at an exhibition, they were perfect and I became the sweet, succulent roses, dazzling—

Problems, problems, mathematical or otherwise, they bring us from our sleep scrounging in the night of all nights, moonlighty nights, seeking that one golden petal of worldliness, that payola snatchbucket of munificent eyes belittling, grand, and open-wide; O the Trojans, O Venereal Diseases, plagues of all concentrations and maxim potentialities, bright, blue, wispy and brown-edged, with wilting fragrances in The Don's great heroic tale, where Don meets a woman, falls in love, and takes her home on a boat of desires across the sea of melancholy—

Strange how it seems to us that this little bastard song is silver in the sun and grey in the twilight minutes strangulating verbs wordy and transient. Strange how meticulous a moneysaver is when he counts his saved pennies. A penny burned is a penny behaved.

Oystershells, Shell stations, coffee and beans, chocolate, bananas: the works. Ah! A shepherd's yodel in the misty morn, a red battalion in the steel clanking of a fogheist warn. Yet it all comes back to the same shapes; each thought has its own neural relay, but although all thoughts seem different, the basis of thought is the same, it's a bunch of static moving in all the directions that the brain allows them to move. Left, right, left, right, on guard! All thoughts stem from the same godly-human patterns. Just as the wind passes under your door in a swift gust of air and you take a haul from your cigarette. Just there you have more similarities than meet's the eye. The light emanates from you lightbulbs in streams, the moon lights you house on the outside. Inside-out, your house is a ghost-tray with unfathomable remonstrance—and all reality can be broken down to the same constituents, always—

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PART TWO

I

Joycean ruminating on astrothoughtgrass…

entering the interment, class of twennyfive, alife and strarving, ethers in exhalation, the Village Hero, King Klaxon Protagonistes, streaming in cloverfoot, a bedazzlepozz podselling thricely spade, in suitcase night, when Thwarper McPoiesis, athwart with conventiction, with ample splurgatory valediction, catering to King Hill Herofigure, whence and whither it came, the reign of Solo Khan, or the grim Wrath Solomon, who walksin synergy, capitulationated, like the whiskers of milk in broken *brac-à-bris* sumptuous connection to the dinner plate, why be so lovely when you can be late?—

"Ark, slag a laggersnag hag," whimpering breezes, "oralate to oracular, bibsin toxic, lick and you lay thick under heaps of snow, limp as a fiddlestick," oraticulating madly, savage remittance to pittance, in the stupendous art of quack and tail, voracious apply daft, a crew of Way-ins, Captain Wayne, Waynism, and they circled the island of Troubadour, where minstrels dig the jive o' the hour, striving high, live it to be alive, such and such a term is inoperating disfunctionally—

The Thespian Lion, Theseus Simpliciter, The Land of Gargantua, Moore's Utopia; my dad's been doing Tae-bo for as long as I can remember, keeps him fit, or used to, I don't know if he does it anymore now wit dem big ole computers infiltrating the macromachismokronos, edible in iffy bites, like a rabbit in a foxhole trampled on by gait weight, straight in they sayed, Bad Masquerader parading, B—, out there in Saint Camarillo Bandit, home o' the husky Adobe Randompoint, fillers for fillings, and nobody asked Vico if he wanted to be in this one, so we'll make it up without him.

Revolution, inner circle, sphere of internal stimuli, orb of the world without, I cast a stone in the pond of purity, ripples on the surface, fine like lace, like that symbol of pride and workmanship, the flag of Canada, waving like a flame banner, silken, rosy, if worn out, yeah, there is a void in essence, particularious education, set-backs and steel battalions in the Techo-wars—where hell began resurfacing —

And the class of twennyfive was blasted out of space, into a new dimension. They were graduating in 1925, with tape-machines, and this is what was one them, (what follows is an imaginary conversation between the 4 people, representing the 4 dimensions, who get lost in time, not a novel idea, but treated in a novel way):

Linea: "I cannot see where my brother is, he has been lost."

Wid: "I can't see more than the wall I am facing."

Tid: "Hiehthu, is that you?"

Hiehthu: "Yes, Tid, it is I. I am blind!" The weltanshauung, a comprehensive conception or apprehension of the world especially from a specific standpoint.

Omnio: "My children, come forth, you can see each other now, the process of bringing you to The Dream Assembly may have blurred your perception for a while, but all is good and fine at this present moment. Sister Linea, meet Sister Hiehthu. Brother Wid, meet Brother Tid. Any questions?"

Linea: "Why were we absorbed into a portal? And where are we again?"

Omnio: "Hush-hush, I will tell you everything. Have a seat and watch The Dream Assembly hard at work creating reality and dream for humanoid participants. Hush-hush, my children, we are your new family now, or for the time being…"

Mr. Speaker: "Dream Seance 9312x36y417z.332(12). In session. Who wants to make a proposal?"

Lotus, the fruit that produced dreamy contentment, languor, and forgetfulness: "We were thinking, Mr. Speaker, of bringing forth a Post-Viconian history cycle, Mega-economics, which shows the movement of money from the hands of the people to the hands of the 'divine'—or we can perhaps just sport another Dark Hour, 3 telebits wide, a small gap of darkness to befuddle them, defibrillate them into their right senses, and as you well know, Mr. Speaker, we have elected Village Hero to create a disturbance on planet Earth and on Mars, a new plan for the Techno-wars which is an attempt to use him to lure the enemy troops at least a good 5 thousand light years away from Earth, away from Earth and Mars, so that we can still use the Martian sand dunes for heat module collectors, desolarising power plants which give us the power we need to fuel a big enough starship to hold everyone, the bus to exodus, which will take humans to a rip in the fabric of time and space, big enough to fit one person, whoever has all the power and that is Nathan Foxhire, friend of Village Hero. Village Hero will lure Nathan into a plan to have him live in his own universe because no one else is better qualified than Nathan Foxhire to operate his own 5-dimensional universe—we tried to pass a bar on more than 3 dimensions, but his credentials, you have to understand, his mind has been studied in his dreams, like when we used the Dream Test Avatar 6 in which we made him pass through several mind tests to see if he could withhold the speed of light without flinching. He was ready to go to 5+ Ectochronos, and that's fast—"

Mr. Speaker: "Okay, it has passed. But Village Hero must stay on earth. He will be needed to fly the starship through the portal which takes Nathan to his new dimension, which we have contact with, I needn't explain elementary physics of the 10-dimensional cosmos, through Ambassadorial friendship. The Starship needs to stop one microsecond before the hole in the sky, and every human has to be there because that's when we announce the coming of The New Regime of Cosmology, which is to set humans ready to escape the coming Ice Age which will destroy everything on earth. You can't build skyscrapers on ice or on snow. Each human will be given a new name and a new post in Cosmoscience, the new ruling body of thought for the next millennia. Before the Total Nexus, of course."

Omnio: "Now, you four, Linea, Wid, Hiehthu, and Tid, come with me, we need human fingerprints for The Overseer of Alien Action Project, we're making alien/human clones, the fingerprints are all we need, and the DNA from anywhere on or in the body."

Linea: "Will we be subjected to pain of any sort?"

Tid: "Yes, that we must know right off; can be decide not to co-operate?"

Omnio: "You aren't real humans, you are just empty cells with the past memories of 4 humanoid characters invented by the writer of this reality. Even in the Dream Office, things need publication in the Dream Assembly. My words, as they flow, have been programmed over an eternity. You want to see your bodies, well, I should say, your CPUs?"

Wid: "This is outrageous, you want to torture us, us whom you say aren't even existent?"

Omnio: "You exist, in a sense. Do I exist? Listen, these lives that you remember, they are memory implants. I am a holographic image, I am Virgil 3000, better known as Omnio, you'll shortly see that names don't matter much in here. But ideas! Ha! Do you want to go through the process, each second here is an eternity. Oh, we must watch, they are about to pass Law Unlaw."

Hiehthu: "What's that?"

Omnio: "Listen."

Mr. Speaker: "You may be seated. I see we have visitors from the tellurian realm. Welcome, you four are about to witness something very important: we are about to 'cut the umbilical cord' of our universe, which is 10-dimensional, the cord that constricts us to these 10-dimensions, and we will unfurl the inner dimensions and for the first time we will see the true nature of the infra-dimensions, dimension 6,7, 8, 9, and 10. Who is making the demand for unilateral convex notioncraft essay on the particulars of cosmological finance of dream-matter?"

Virgil 3000: "I will make the address. We live in a folded 10-dimensional universe: the last 5 dimensions curl within. It is still speculation, most of it. Some think the break-off point, where the following dimensions begin to curve within in a fractal spiral and become the idea foundation of the lesser dimensional planes, is at the 6th or 7th, some say that 6 and 7 are one dualrealm dimension, a neogeoduality, some say the cut, or cosmofold, is at the 7th, but nonetheless, what we proposition is complete cut from the cosmofold, the 'unfolding', if you will, of infinitely dimensional space. What this will reveal is further speculation, the unfurling, as we know it, will at least shed light on the realm of Internalist metaphilosophy. Cut the umbilical cord!"

Crowd: "Cut the umbilical cord!"

Linea, Wid, Tid, and Hiehthu are at home preparing for dinner. Mom and dad, Hiehthu and Tid, are telling Linea and Wid, their children, whom they love with every deepness of heart, a story. The story involves many subplots and speaks of a fictitious Dream Assembly and of 'The Uncovering of The Ungun'. An android walks the family through the Dream Office.

infusium of flush, blushingface, red in a waking, for paternal-involuntary chasms, and an upholsterer in the dining room looking for a sumptuous crumb in the carpet-hairs. Venison City, Ottawa, slate flaker ribbed in the gulf of washing willow's spew, streamgiant interlaced with companies of Wichita, tax us, in the song, in the sun, in the hurly-burly wintertime—

"The Dead Seaward Burial of the Caustic Sermon of Belittling Chess, A Game of War by the Fire Wall, Death By What We Know Best," the Thunder Water Said—moksu abu miktab: Frisch weht der wind der Heimat zu mein Irisch kind wo weilest du?—

La Trampata, Act II: Alfrisco Vermont's father violently convinces Violinca that she might find horror in the estate of the Vermont family if she keeps spying on them. In vocalrhythmic shout: Dall'eterna armonia dell'Universo Nel glauco spazio immerso Emana un verso Di supremo amor!!! Mr. Moth, Act I: Scarleton has been away from his *Stellae Amores* for 30 years—

Or some such gibberish, linking madness to a profession of closest care, attention, and madhours ruminating knee-deep in grass, edges crisp, tasteless grass of universal admonition of pain, pleasurability on the side, intrinsic to the maternal care-quality.

Gimme a crop o' spuds as of ole Times… Thomas Bewick's apprenticeship with an engraver in Newcastle, posse pox puffoo! with likes and of twigs, twigging the leftover meal of serenitybush, calamitous careering constancy of cold country corkscrews in the rain, wet, mingling with intimate particular particles, careening ocean of tidal wave, blasted of the SCREECH of cartires, wheels shrill earburn, Otterburn Park, where I lived most of my life, Oysterbrown thwak, partisan, cleaning the vomit from the histrionic blabbers of morsels in Time Decadent, with *pas-encore* of eternity isthmus, ethereal Babylon, Babel Tower, Island of *'gets-so-many'*, proud of the flower in which the power is held—

'And the duppy shot the shutter clup'—Finnegans Wake, twins in the making repasting pass in the world of confusion, much ado, much said, much to wait for the breaker's bead, dribbling down the side of his rosepetalmouth, urchin to reach a positive overflux down the main strait of Straightmane, where they agather in the pond of befuddlement—

snoppy cleft, ashore, visited by glory quizzers, wizards in closets of dung, with plausible pockets to hold the theory of a humanitarian continuum, left of cleave and *pas Essex,* to reintroduction of participles, lingering in a wan moon of elderly, cause of effects in waiting for the repast, full to the brim with codeine and morphine solution, lost in the class of '25, where everyone wanted to be good, and all the good ones vanished from the ages of the great—

shuttle to the stereophonic propulsion of idea garments, raining sluiceflow, frothing at the proverbial mouth of the ocean, a rhythmic isthmus of potential rowboat downstreamers, contiguous, yarn of cattail, worried about the fluvial propagation dance, the lance, Hence, Chirps Equal Availing Lust Proponents—and glee—

Virgil 3000:: "The word syncretism refers to attempts to unify existing and seemingly inharmonious theories or systems of philosophy. I proffer a systematic profusion of syncretism biased by reality of non-verbs. Clay-artefactual cleanliness of penmanship—begin—"

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II

The arresting of a binomial personality coat-checker…

Twice now that I've been arrested. What do you think while you are in that claustrophobicism cell? You delight on the shadows, on cigarettes, on light from the chink in the wall, a sign that there is such a grand reality outside the birdhouse, one which I will never see again—

What do I think, locked up in this remission state? At least I have a phonograph, and records. I have no one to talk to, just myself, and I must admit that I indulge all too frequently in soliloquy, well, um, there really isn't any limit to self-speech—

It's very simple. The sound from the Gramophone leaps out in all directions and seeps through me like the sun (sphere) shedding its light unto a waiting race. The *corpus coliseum* of serenity, the inner peace, the frantic internal Utopia which no one can take me out of—

I like to listen to my own voice, or just mutter to myself in my mind's ear, with my mind's voice. Over time, the mind begins to disintegrate because it has no external stimulation. Prison is not for the weak-minded. In here I have learned much about the human body, the human form, and the blood that flows through my veins, like myriad butterflies swimming in a sea of air—

I've learned that the human body is holy. With my internal dialogue is also the sound of blood rushing, harmonious with your breathing, a fluvial euphony, bland and raking through my soul. I am alone in this infrastructure and I answer to no one, as no one answers to me—

I can dream of things like: a walk in the park, breaking reality into its perceptive parts, dreaming of the ink of female genitals, the oldest professions of the world and how I would want to become any one of those hard workers, Classical music, O how I remember those music history classes, focusing on the work of Beethoven, and now, the music brings me tears—

At the very least, I am comfortable in my body. I plan on quitting the smoking of cigarettes, the tobacco is ruining my lungs. The smoke, that is. Yes, those pellucid, vitreous *fumes*, that tarry smog that collects on the ceiling, in the fan and which stains the walls a deep yellow-brown—

Through this tiny window I can see clouds passing. Well, you know the rest, it's no use repeating myself. In note form: hurly-burly, delirium, screeching phonographical needle, The Grove of The Unholy Metropolis, how man always goes against his virtues, cigarettes kill my lungs, grimaces, autumn reds and browns and oranges floating in a haze of seasonal finality, in a clear, contented rumination—

I make up stories about P—, partly from memory and partly from imagination. He isn't in my cell anymore. I miss him. This is just an example of syncretism of poetic ideas. There is no prison but the cage of your insanity. There is no such thing perceivable, by human senses, as a Dream Assembly. I live in a perpetual spirituality winter. Prostitution is the eldest form of employment, employment is the eldest form of human activity. One of the many, anyway; I suppose that excretion is older.

I was perched, we'll say, on the barren crags of Mount Stupendiculous, A.K.A. Mount Severest, with my guardian, when suddenly the rock gave way and we found ourselves tumbling towards the meandering ravine at the bottom of a 4000 foot drop. Luckily, we landed on a ledge after maybe 12 feet of air-time; I fell directly on the stone, my guardian fell and slipped off the edge from the momentum. I quickly turned to grab hold of his hand, but the fall knocked me *'out-of-whack'* for a peculiar second, *second* enough to watch my friend drop to his incontestable death. I was able to climb back up and down the other side where our cabin was. I was at the cabin for no more than three days, moping and groping, when the police came and accused me of first-degree murder.

'Village Hero' is an essential part of every story; every good story has a protagonist (central character), and every good story has a place (central geographical location in which the Hero stays or travels and returns). Every good story has a *'problematic situation'* which is *'resolved'* by the Hero. The Hero's mission can be counterbalanced by other similar analogical situations which all play a part in his perpetual quest for truth, or *'resolution'*. Darkadarius…

I'm a neo-pod, dancing on a cardboard box of Platonism. I'm awfully katty-wonkered. Crazier than a Bessie bug. Ebat'-kopat'! What Pyrrhic victory have we today, in this cage of insanity, in this realm of numbers and madness hit parade? I'd read the riot act but my hands are tied. So do as you please. I've caught my share of buses, my hands are full of 'em.

Death is my allegory. In my prison, I have to watch what I say. Or else I might get Cronus' scythe and get my genitals thrown from the heavens. Insanity a prison. It is, and the 'Combine' is the superego. But my genitals will not create a foam from which Aphrodite will spring. And, what am I saying, my genitals are already chemically castrated.

It strikes me that Lethe is the river of forgetfulness and the Lotus is the fruit of the same affix. I must be eating some Lotus on a raft across the river Lethe, for I am the most forgetful man in the universe. But forgetfulness is a virtue, it leads to non-existence, because you don't perceive anything, you forget all, and non-existence is analogous to immortality.

I have spent many years in my infernal grotto. My guardian is my superego, whom is both my protector and the one who banished me to a life of senility. I'm going to tell you a little story, now that I've got all the time to myself in my remission/prison sentence. You may call it a myth of origins, for that it is, in my understanding of things.

The universe was a hazy smog, alone, diaphanous, crystalline, and it lived a hermetic, solitary life for eons and eons, longer than anything imaginable, in a stagnant sleeping state. When the fog arose from it's sleep, it found its own existence and its point of origin, the mouth of the great god Exhale. Haze knew that its father was Exhale and soon found out that Exhale was the by-product of *Cigarro Imflamatus,* the process of debilitating narcotic addiction in the universe. Knowing now that Haze knew of his own existence and that of his Creator, Exhale turned his brother Caffeine into a ball of addiction, known now as Hurts, which is the dreampalace of the Hazeans, who live on Hurts for a million years hence. Hurts is a realm of addiction, like its Creator's father Cigarro.

As time went by, millions of years, the Hazeans prayed to their Creator Exhale and the land which they inhabit, Hurts, who was once Caffeine. And they live a life of addiction to narcotics. One day, *Cigarro,* also in a dream state, awoke and saw the work of his two favorite children and said, in cavernous tones: "I see that you have created a realm of pain and suffering where your children reign, and I have measured it, foot by foot, and it shall be the resting place (Badroom) of The Heroes, who will become Humans, and then Ricorso Divinatum, in Viconian circulatory antibabble."

The process of change from Hazeans to Heroes was simple: they put on cloaks. A Hero always wears a cloak. Heroes became Humans when the cloak was put on backwards and covered their eyes. Humans and Heroes are agents of *narcosis addictis*: pleasure bound by Time over druggery. *Ricorso Divinatum* is The Biocaust, where all things cease from the spreading of a virus known as the Biogen, which is a infinitely small particle made of dimensions -1 which everything is made up of in the higher dimensional planes. This myth of origin is a lie. But beware, you must listen to a madman, for his lie is profoundly beautiful. A madman cannot escape Illusion.

There is no exterior. There is no interior. Chopin's revolutionary etude. NO circles, no squares, no sugarcombs. I told you to listen to the lies. There is no lie, there is a lie, there's no illusion, there is a constant interpretative illusion. I sound like Charles Dickens. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was a time of celibacy, it was a time of gratuitous sex, it was a time of drought, it was a time of excessive draught—

David Humans, Theodore Mackerels, George Stuart Regional Molecules, Macramé Mackthaperal, Shawshank Bernardino, Numinous Rudiment, Howard Christian Eccles , Arlene Lucifer Plenitude—so many names possible in the English language, ah, so many wurbs—

Reasons I would flee to Mexico if I weren't an invalid: my government thinks me an idle twit, my teachers take me for a revolutionary, I am so detached from my family that a good trip would do me some good, and if madness I weren't struck with, I would flee to Mexico for the rich scenery and the trip across America as in the days of yore, when Kerouac reigned as King Hipness (not Hypnos).

America's Isles, look deep into her isles that stair back upwards to infinity… Human leashes, unleashing leeches, reach the see-through city of Peaches. I have been nowhere and I have been everywhere. Proust is my God, Joyce is my s-word. *Hivers d'antans, où-est-ce que la mer est fragile.* Winters of yore, where the sea is frail.

We have to build a spaceship! We're going to the end of the world! Bring your friends, we're going to write a book! Nothing here but the seed mantra sung on an open wire, fiddled with jinx-cuts hanging on a separate window to inner/outer world, dual systems analytical composition of cosmological framework, triumphant in sizing the duly wisdom of hosts, ghastly in the fragrance of laundry, the stomach of pain, the longer riddle than was expected, into it we swarm, and come out on empty, without the with that was within, and is out, we seep through nothing-worlds incumbent, without molasses as the sticky substance of the stars, working, and in or about a wisdom lesson, that which was lengthy and lengthier psalms were sung than that which makes an amend a talk with gods unruly—

I am an immoral farmer of ozone, I am a dark agent in rake of Wakes, vicars and stone tablets of the reality substance in which we find the ruly stars roaming in pedestals and eerie lightning causes me to warm up to the spittle of disasters, the reek of unfathomables, the stomach of watch-out, the watching of the stone sun plummeting into a visage of horror, a ghastly shape succumbing to brown dials and alabaster bowls of Time Present, Time Only, broken, and sizing the trench in which a war was sung, psalms included, to gods unholy, triggered in the front of the mask, in which a stone liable vicissitude

promenaded vacantly and sugar-coated the lining of my stomach, stomach of war, unruly, unholy and biased—

Utopian soldier, where's your cry? We enter a war and I don't know what nor why we're fighting. Up against the stone wall, the breech in the disfigured reality marble, walls, walls beneath the bridge of sorrow, bridging the two together like a marble sow, and the meaty encumbrance is a fallacy of horrible outstanding, without it we are circular boils on the flesh of irreality, surreality, and war—

Harvest the stone goddess in the mirror of my eye, where we see fit to erect a marble dome in which the fog of ages can last one more afterthought's length, blackened, sorry and warm, and the solstice is a lie, without which with and why, what? the stone crop is an effervescence, holy, and we win all times together watch the moon disaster plunge to earthquietist ramblings, godly wicked, and psalming splash to causes with or dining in a silent room—

Digitally compacted in rivers of streaming bits, where the war will lead us to we cannot know, but as a madman I strive to find the calculatory mystery of hate and wanting, bedazzled in a swarm of heated debates, casually whispering to the dome-quarry picture of Technicolor dream. there is no real mythology, there is no swarm of bees light enough to hold flour. there is no is, with is you have no was —

Tundra rich in nothingness, blank, ashamed of itself, warry glore and whizzing Orpheus, glancing at the stone Morpheus, rigged and rugged, blackwhite, redgreen, orangeblue, sucked into the watch of war, in timework facereality, dangerous like a bomb with Cupid eyes, the realm of numbers is a joke to the sophists who count the days till the making of mankind—Heroes and Humans and Hazy Wizards of The Clockwork Facial Diagram of Gods Surreptitious in Their Longing—

What was and is is nothing in the made-up reality which is illusion and calm and black thoughts racing to the face of Stuck, left of the planets of Wonk—if nothing is real than I am an ant in an anthill of Time Secular, wishing I was an anthill myself, but I ain't, so fuck off, leave me be, I have to wake up in five minutes and if I don't I miss the Cosmotrain to New Lands—

Villages rummaging, blasting the door open to horns of plenty, fluent in black-adoring wizard huts, hermetic in their potency, and casually wanting blond or blue eyehairs, cut-up in Shine The Rind, where we will blow face to clerk and work the race to Imagined Nation—

Green carapace, nature's whirlpool blanketed over my smirking face, fastest breakdown train component lurking in the shadows of about-to-be—the train leaves in forty seconds—dialogue in C#-minor—if I look deep into my window, I see faces galore, whirling in a pond of broken thoughts. The train is the thunder which is the voice of god—

Timespun threads, making cloakfaces, bootlick, black serenity of night, ink and spray of the sparring voices in my booming brain, violas planing down to shattered earth, quaked in a blaze of simple minds, careening into trackway trainwhistle, bruised reality lingering, sometimes burnt and bosomed of feverish lace, silk of Time and blackest midnight boar—

If I ponder long enough I will remember everything, and this is no pleasant quest. Remembrance will bring every dark hour, every inky second in which you ached and vomited onto the leather pants of P—, and nobody wants that!

Comparative systemology winking sunny boasting of burrs and plural ways of the bast meta-Utopia, meddled in browns and archaic greybeard father of the clock, stuck in a loop, whizzing down the length of a spurting metacosm of stonegeysers, left or right, the something is in bloom, and that is whacked and bludgeonally cudgelled, blown to pieces by the breath of the wind of, no, don't say it, never, I will not utter the proficient, nugatory, incestuous, binomial reticence of boiling mindless TIME —

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III

Minutes across a snowpeak freefall of tundra pond…

The real ingredient is patience: derailing greedy anticipations. Possessed with eyewart fingerhollow, tonight the leftists roam the cataract, and beneath the silver moon make love to giant starwords, beauteous and calamity-prone—

Non-conformist, bohemian, maverick, leftist and growing to be a Marxian Martian, left of enmity, proud, loveluster careered in broken vases of Unmentionables, 'big fucking penis' as an anagram becomes: 'feign suck big nip'—

Lacklove gearywizard, trapped in a bubble of Unutterable Word, point finale, transparental lucent, and greytwinged, winging off a Labatt Bluestick, tonguing the Beauty of Shakespeare, exactifying the reality Worbs of Barbie—

Neural networks which facilitate thinking; make her what she wants to be. The sound of the big bang holds all the sounds of reality henceforth. Flowing cascades of frozen, blushing, sweet cheek smooches… mootshoot, root of the flute—

The sound of thunder, the voice of God: Ugh. I think that everything written down in the history of time boils down to the same thing: Ugh, I am human and I will die; what should I do? I can sit and think or I can live. I think I will go eat a big mac, or maybe chase a squirrel up a tree, unbind Pandora's voicebox, elicit some strange strategy from the lips of my forefathers who speak in tongues and there's whiplash souping from the lup of their squeal, daddyos and bingo for the mommyohs, leaving me bereft of a Hero's Quest, à la Campbell Comparative Mythological Influx of Real Data, I can put it all together or I can take it all apart, but I can't take it to the ballgame by 9 o'clock cause I forgot where I put the keys. Amen, Village Hero has descended from the train and walks westerly with effusiums of whistle trays and black dabs of winking wisdom of ancient spelling bees, like a Mac wandering in the rain, spells unbound, shackles demanacled, Prometheus the train, halting on a square beat, beat-horrordom of causal descent into time unfreckled, defructified and blatantly operose, I left a rose on Poe's gnosis, morose as those, I left a rosy rose... and the wanton climb to whizz distribution confronted a calamitous moss-bespectacle which opened up to show the mind of god and it was a tulip—

Benign Beings seeking other boinky bings, soaked up to midlevelhigh in leglingering, lingerose epoxy apogee it's true, yes, the rosy clerk clergy aghastly grey for tombs to behave in legs of Mars Cuisine Starlight Cuneiform of global positioning, sterling in eyes of steel, late to berate the denizen glazing in the morning of his stupefying factor of glistening glory sorrow in the Hero's Struggle, the Village and the Borne of Weight, negligent on evenings of seatrance transidom of resignant resonances purlying in the merly of the muck, maidly mad in made the covenant a storm for the dowager—

Sunk in the money of morning's maid, laid in a country of eastern travel, far enough, for Eunuch to be a Jezebel, madly in love with Aunty Courage, lifts off her dress and pours his sewage—I am maddening all the most fierce and livening to be great Seaward Hollow, the countries of your past and peers, winking at the dome in events of surreal realms superimposed on the glass vase of eyedom eyewart reunification of interplexed reality nibs correlating the indigenous whispering of folly cry frivolity eventatious superhappening, light and dark with it, real, broken by Time—

Waitin in the pawk for wockstaws, wisdom of a lurking breed steading the cosmos on a limp trucker, wastfast climbing the irregular puddle of dunceniblet, calamitous in earwaves, clad in Irewaves wasing in the fusser lipped off the camera angel—not angle, angel—

Turnips, what about tulips? I thought we could turn this into a tulip situation, not a turnip which has been intermittently suggested, but the flowers of the tulip tree (Liriodendron tulipfera) with three sepals beneath the petals, or do you not want this at all, would you rather fight? Right. Well in the end I'll win with innuendo (help the poet, he's suffering from flimsy esophagus, he's stuck in a fractal of poetmath)—

I goes as it goes, with goes it with the goes on in the goes at, do you dig me? Am I being compliant to your nothingness travail, the ghost with the most, the hero of the tale that has gone down like a led zeppelin, the broken down reality fragments in subversive chunks, the ghost town of elder years, the foggy depot of thought in which sits the rank odor of metallic reverberances—

Ironfeeble face of moronity and gullibility morals taut in skulls off the minutes of my days, cloistered in phobic reality nets, the kind with which we slay dragons of sleephour's nest, the network of backwards thumbling thumbing of the interface of, oh no, TIME THE INELUCTABLE GOD—

and the word that keeps reminding me of my humanity, of my duality, writer-creator, human-doer, actor, precipice gazer of longthrust riddleparticulons, mantric rhythms chanted in halls of familiarity, gone wide shut on the little pigfuckers plucking a lyre of eldest historical backgroundership—

Blackened thoughtwordbubble, the picking plack of plaidwars instigating a debate in the psycho-necrology of Time Biased Unused and Flat—with buckening war heroes listening to the list of cowards who fought with them and died on the plane home, what ironicity, what irony-clad warriors of eerie metropolitanism—

The moronity of the pluvial fluves revved a nestle in the curb of rax ataxia, the leveler off the coast of New Texas, withal comparatively negatronic in functionary license to exist existentially, newpower luggers treking in lingerhoppy nipness of calamitous airwars, laughing lap at tag and

riddleboundedness of truculent whisperers of death, crying at the eyes clawing out the words with perpetuity and lawless flaws flowering in the garden of Eagle, the one place of the original Stint: the Luciferian Autumn of Lachrymistic moss of beflowering evidential causality, branched in depositrons of westerly wisdom—

The Lusterfall, the gravity of war, against Clod, Claude The God, who rests nestled in origin matters, in flagrant elusiveness of tidy sums of money in the backpockets of T—, better known as Continuity-blasphemed Interim of Silence and Grovel-shovel Shove—

By Jove Dove Into The Waters, the muddy lakes of impoverished bugdreams, miring in the whistles of bamboo huts, the clout of knotted diagrams fleshing the fish into deformed forum guts, the innards skinned outsidewise, tidy in divination and mustard heehaw haps lapping—

Maps of the interior sublimation paradisiacal serenity of Calm, with waving waters of ghostfrequency stamped into marble messmakers of wax—I am the Druid Interpretative Data Train, I am the god-ugly worrier of the Descent Into Broken Palaces—

Crystal skulls of Messianic stumbles, of the resurfacing of god-bodies interwoven into human existencies, mirrored of madness, of the eternal histrionic display of god-emotions and god-tides raving in the lunar landscape of soily toil refulgence of intrinsiculars—pave divining, waftaflame—

and bodies lingering in the moist heaven-garden, and positively bewailing a wanderhut of Mars, the ironwanface clad in westerly climes, clouded in past upheaval tax, whirling divine and godly even, the Garden of Even, where the snake snapped a twig of human sublimity, tied to fructification of intersluicing brandytides climatory and drastically proud, oh heavens, MY JOVIAN MOUNT, where Delucidifier fell from highest midnight borne and clustered in infinite worrywars of divestifiers of morning delight, fell from his forum of form, human deformed, made into human pride, deformed, formulated into human masks, tact, and liquid divinity—the tides are shifting with the human forum—

I would never want to hurt my cat's internalisms—my friends have been saying, "Where have you been for the last four months?" and I say, "I've been reading," to which they frown and think to themselves, "What a loser!" But who loses in the end? Who enjoyed their life? Who added that little bit of shine to others in a virtualbinary superhighway of flowing bits and lingering exacticising letterments of deviating thoughtmatters and metropolitanist diaphragmatic dualinterpretive manifestation of intertwining addictive humanproperties?—

I will end this war of debating linguists and call upon the name of the great sinner, Lucifer, the Ego, ah, Buddha, if only you could have been there the other day, I was an ass, I was asinine, ignoramussy, a total carpwagon, you know what I did? I told a primordial fib in iniquity—

what wagons or trains will we take to noday ottay allay wax adhesive layer?

***

IV

Tidenik Virgil and The Lotus…

bind me down asleep, forever frozen in an ink of starhunger, where the fibber found himself in a diagram of laws, strung to a table of exactitude, lying on a draweropen tide of warniks passing in fibrous wartuggering buggermobiles, on trains, trucking to the frontline, already dead, and what does a lie entail with its truck along the border?:

A lie means you are weak, or too hasty, and can't be bothered with telling the truth which is harder to invent—lord puppeteer god, deftly quaint, hanging in a biosphere of interior neglect, you are a shining star, you are wonderstruck be beauty's endless reign in tiresome wars of the saints, SAINT TOPAZ, in quiet ridiculum, blackfired by wixom straws, the kind you find in yer hair—

and dangling forcibly is the seaward star, the quadrupleped who deems me higher than he in the saintly aghastiron of wistful demissionary flies, the barstool flickerwart, the busterbrown dixie strawhat warthog-biting plexus fly, buzzing adorydarling in the streamstress of all tired wired liar days—

where me straw hat flying in the barn? where with what me to do? I was a witness to the glory of a laughiron, 9 iron, 4, 321 of older days, the ways of the biased pedestalstray of Diocese vernacular, the hostess to the mostest gruesomely sly fryingpan of Minutes flipperflapping on the go-around, in orange heatwaves from the East in Dawn's lightshow of gory greysome wayward moontriumph—

if I was a day older I'd be five, if I was way smarter I'd be alive tonight—Virgil is my unconscious sassymind, The Lotus is my forgetful ability, and a Tidenik is a beatnik of the storm of the ages, the sea of quiet surreptitiousness sleeping—

and the numberless mathematics of physiognomies, tract agluey fluves ghastly greytombed, morsels of silent surprise cataclysmic and banal in longword fun-and-games tiring out the length of the day waysing merrily a tad wormfaced, pudgy and blue—

if I were a wolf in the browncloset of norsefootmen energetic synclasticism I would be a pettycoat-wearing officer of the law, the laws of material thoughtphysics, trapped in a biospherical bombhood blasting a wave of concern, diametric in potential dualism reality bond, blackened in my ethereal brain, bombed of jazz and clustered in dreamy Dios Calam, Frontman of Ghosts Earlyrising—

if the moon was a trickle fickle, I would be a tantrum mad, and maddening in the seconds that flash in prismatic richnesses and blinding etiological mysticisms frenzyprone in the organs of material-existent perception units of systematisation, of breaking down the Novel which is Reality-in-passing, the generative complex of Reality Codex Capsule of flightless eruption of nanosecs, brilliantly displayed in the prism, the cosm, and the spectrum of both of these—

fire in the annals of Time, well, let us say: seconds seconding the second coming of the second second again for the second Time—and brilliantine wisdomheighters freighting a column of everlasting decisive movement of international interpretation of finality verbs warping the Sexes, breaking the pointoff notion of calamitous snakes drinking from the divine wineglass of crystalclarity—

Events broken in the Timevase that collapsed when God first spoke silence in a thundercrash of reverberant etio-teleological, beginnings and endings, post and pre-emptive strikenote blasting plushflash wazz and razzytazzy, defunct in a collegiate mystery of wanton singsongerisms—

With blastingnotes corrupt in leaving the diaphragmatic propulsion device of human sounds, the mouthpiece mouthface plunger of reality interfaces—an infinity of languages strolling down the barshaft of litticisms witty, glaring and fond of the vestibular gnosis of pondeffects pontificating blarnygoats westerlyprovidential, cast upon a pond of repose, litliterature, litting the slit—fond of reposition—goody-two-shoes about the house of neglect and poddywollywads, the invert positional verbhood manliness of pronunciation and clasted wonkers of beatification and nullity—

Virgil's vigilance, the watcher of timepassing, passencore re-arriving, in neglect and positiveness, gaunt in puddlets winking astar financial in wordyblurbs afunctified, glorious in rising, where the Lotus is the seamstress of bepuddling, wizardstomping Time Rising, defected in remunstered botany of brainstems, finalising the reconstituence of malative waxers prompt in eerie tonightedness united—

The quality of a post-post-modernist reality-unreality book-non-book stumper wanks the dilatory stray of watchmovement strictly condescending-transcendental clockwise stemtransit, the sound of my brain draining in the funnel of 'stituent malady-confiscation, neurosis of neuroses—

My malady is a tunnel in which a syndromatic tundrum vexes a newlybrought sea of plenitude and wary taunts clustered in mitigations and litigants wonking the puddle of the befuddler, proud, as The Great Befaller, Heroesque and tangible in momentary lapses of singsong Protagonism, where nigh is the starward bore of endless tragedisiacal remonstrance and finality warblepods—

The stem is a stickshift repetition malady, a caughtwhistle of pungent Erosies white and cumbersome, planted in the ivy of the warthog dancing on a newspaperbox of Tics and Tocs walking on the clockfacecloak of diligent clocknumbers astir, pedestrian in numberless witticism nevrolgy—

positive refinance of roundabout wailwalkers frontispiece-attaching reality Minutes going on the repulsive whiskers of duality-prone monthbaths stretching a moment at a time, dancing on the proverbial lake of wash, punctified in punctuals redotted and glamoresque, *so-and-so-often* punkywhips—

univocity of Monomythicalic triumphance reinstitution clad in growing numbers, unmathematical, physically restrained in the non-verbs word 'ado', with mythical constituency, rivalled by Non-word TIME and TIME AGAIN, with worldly-humane Past-memory, Present-perception, Future-anticipation, Augustine potentiality reverberated in timeless reasonous NOW-UNDERTOW—

"a perdita di contatto con le radici peculiari definisce una condizione di sospensione che sottrae valore al ricordo, all'esperienza vissuta," and reality as a bubble pierced by consciousness, inviting rebuttals and flaunted repulsions of effusions rambled on the get-go TIMELINE shenanigan, bonked on 'buttals biffed in buffed Insurrection Flux, reality interfacialistic, interfaced and glamorous—

"Nel secondo spazio, simile ad una cripta, e' disposta una grande conca argentata," with real or non-real ADO INFOBOX, travelled like the swaying seas of mitigation and lustrant clusters verbate and embossed, atum cluxoviter mustardgaseous—

gash in the wounded arm of galaxies, milky white in fiscal warbles blue, arms in tight remunstered in the blackest midtwilightnight, grey bebattledepuzzlions, the cousin of Puzzles Bound Tightly In Ionic Ruses Blue—a metaphysical numberrealm binary in caustic finance of pixels—

and a galaxy is rather fond of the blueness of tides almost grey in their bearded host of splashy sports, a Ponderosa of meaty insignificance, and tightly bound to the ruler of the day, the daylight influxification of amplystriding reality bubs, Babels of Time Defluxed—

would that be a minute that never moves? A widegap in—burp—TIME? Mrs. Adeline Dutton Train Whitney's "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" has Finnegans Wakish parallels—visit the remonstrosities of war via the grey isthmus of despairpsia—

dancing quietwhistle of preponderosa, Tristesse and Issues, rotten witenagemenots, visceral insensitivia, and pronoun clusterflipsia, fucked in federal standings, clad in ironwan Neo-James-Wan brand of iffy flippers, the dance of the rutabaga, the lance of the flocked formiculons—

underwear of the gods—I like the rustlefeather floss of leaves in the fall, or the off-key flux of trotting horsies, tricketytrinkles, tricketytrot, and the washing waves of the billow's brew frothing fleshy flush and floomsy floosh off the coast of the isthmus of pre-Hellenistic Hecuba's delicatessen of delights, the irksome wallowing of feathers in the leaves, with flockfeathered horses of Time-Minutesmoving, dogs of war harumphing Ralph in the bemired wind swindling swoosh carousel boff and Biff the Elder roaming a hearty clamp on the fuzztone halt of Time Besmuddles pod arousing—me likes them sounds…

Take life as it comes like when you plucked the petals from a daisy in your youth. Take each day as a petal from Time Immemorial and remember that God gives you infinite petals to pick at your own pace. Time Diffused, Time Plenty, Time Shutthefuckupyouramblingidiot—

fluxy flawn, licketysplits, randydowdydum, doobiemaker, spliffroller, tramway concentrator of orangeade and blasphemy puddles—I've reached the biological peak of insanity! It's uphill from now onwards, flashing up the stride of the ghost-trail, randomising the givens of the Mars Utopia—

A lesson in, oh no, TIME, again, that bespectacled word, the dog bepuddles on the lawn, smecked and surfacing to the ire attire, watering the sprinklers off his tawny wardom, banal wax dollcushion of piss, italicized deiformation conglomerated in financial scrutiny—

Tumbleworth of glowchins perched on the endrail tallsaddle of comparative duality, damned if I do, damned if I ain't be done nothin', and on the cloth of endless rain, I commence countdown to throat of conscience in an upheaval of taxing grey thistlewhistles on the shore—

Mundane tundra lesion on the plateglass window of Bereftist Localiser, briefcase tangent of newer Mars, a latenight show-wanderer, idle in his pulsations, clad in an eerie cloak of Warsaw Cycles, the ones that go in and out and in and out and flow down the river tide of behemoth marblejets—

"A dream is a private myth, myth is a public dream" (Joseph Campbell)—what's that dream I keep having that is a Star Wars video-game and a conquering of the world with a partner, my friend P—? We are always together on our missions in the deepnesses of the human psyche, mine, in sleep, and on what is this dream founded? I haven't seen Star Wars in a while, why do I constantly dream of it?

Caribbean mystery train delucted in a miner's halfway house, warns me of the weather in the San Topaz Mountainrange, with little or no ado, Taoist reality marbles, lost in the sea of tranquility which is a Zen train speeding to eternity's door—

Black and white realityjet streaming wholesome fun to P—'s wondrous heart; he's a dreamer, he's lost in thought, winking diadem to triad and binomialism, pre-Socratic syncretism, pre-Hellenist Novelist Reality Barble, gargling—

Wainsluthering sleet and clut of rowboat dismalic primality, wondrous stars of the Cupidity prevailing in the winter of my psalm, Hermetic Conscience, moving triad of the covenant of angels, deviation, deviation, pocks off to pollination triangulars, mark of the marksman stemming from a bath in which richness was a salt, and poverty of mind is a diatribe from the lost continental breakfast, and duties are the illustrious piecemeal synergetic compounds of rice—

Sensationalism is a provident appraisal of 'think music function' and sleeping horses of pursuing flowingnotion Gee and Bee in the ABC's of dust, travelling in infinite whirls of pocketed financial disagreements, the kind that leaves you bare as an ass, a donkey, or a *cheval*—

delineation finalised in the gruesome winter of my suckdrenched soul, ocean wanks, with drawling duckers in the pocket wench, rise of the secret desire undone, born of real tides, breaking

against the curb of my new house in London France, where the ocean is a flower bed and I am a garden of delight where flowers raid the Mrs. and dodge the Mr. of the sensewars—

Wainscoting blab of erequests, b'fore erelong, where the busy bees buzz on the burlyon shooting bustles to the nethermost reality warping, taut in elegies, broken as of a crystal vase, so tall, so young, a thousand years, is that really that young for a vase?—

what's in a dollar? is it a collar for it? I never seen no money in ma life, I never wants to, I never's do—materialism in the pockets of The Saints of San Letransit, all the way back to Heights Corollary Embassy, next to the river Alphabetadelta—

Alphasingularum, waits to be decapitated and cries on the fullscoup of the raining acidic Hassidic dualism reign—blasted on the puckered lips of Mary, wan like Obi, gone like *Qui est là*?—and what matters it if the rain falls in the cup or not? I'll still drink my tea in seclusion, masterly sipping in tranquility of being, silence, and did you know that being alone is like bathing in godliness?

He's gone to Rome. Eli Koala, Saturn Backteeth, Backteeth—banished from the frozen hinterland, backed up against the stars, waiting for Monday to arrive, secluded, refused, quaint in sizing up the branches of literature that go all ways in fractal regeneration, circulating the tommyhawkers of war's end—

I'm naked without my bookmarks, and my watermark is a date in which all things collided, where was born a man from a child's distant frown. Absurd and waspish obsessive madass. Cat in the universe, splitting the hairs of the women in your mind, breaking the obsequious flora of damsels in despair, of the hot tin hoof and Merlin in his sightings saw what was once a cow and is now deformed into a 70 foot monster called HUMANKIND—

There was another dream while I was in prison with P—. The prison being my home, my shack, my hermit's hut, with my insanity and his. He spoke as he dreamt, he said something about Dante and the circles of hell. He was fast asleep and ranting like a lunatic. As far as I know, he was in REM sleep, perhaps even having just broken through the dimensions barrier, heading headlong into higher dimensional planes and somehow I could read his dream in his eyes, though his voice helped me quite a bit. I just want to say that The Meta-Brain Psychosis is a portal opened up to higher dimensions. You can't perceive higher realities with human eyes, you need alien brainparts, and that's the Meta-Brain Psychosis. It lets you peek through the fabric of Time and Space, and this is what he saw, and said:

Virgil has his eyes on me at all times; he moves like water in the ocean, he moves in tides, ebbing and flowing through my enlightened brain. It's dark; Virgil is what we call a Tidenik, he his particularly human, a Hero, you know? And he's got his eye keenly set on me and my path through the iron jungle of metaphysical rumination.

I'm on a mission, I've got to build a mountain out of steel. Tidenik Virgil has his eyes set on me, and he won't look away. I've got to enter the portal that will take me to the higher dimensional planes that are actually within the lower dimensions, acting as their foundation. It's not a matter of looking up to the stars, it's a matter of looking into the glass vase of Time, in every infinitely small particle, in viral origins, in atoms and the Biogen.

But Virgil told me: "As soon as you witness the heavens, you will forget about it; the mind can see different dimensions, but the brain cannot hold on to what it sees. Unless of course you refuse to take the fruit that is at the guardian's table at the gates of hell. They call it the Lotus and I don't know if you can make it through the gates without taking at least on bite."

P—: "Maybe I can pretend to take some. Would I remember it afterwards?"

Virgil: "No, you must eat the Lotus."

P—: "I guess it's worth it, it's not like I remember anything anyway."

Virgil: "Right."

So I take a ship across the ocean and enter into a whirlpool 300 feet wide. I circle downwards into the void, into the spinning, verdant vortex; what do I see? I see a city made of sand, a castle in the midst of the ocean, in a glass bubble, or is it crystal? I don't have time to check, I must make my way through the gates without eating the fruit. They say the fruit is forbidden on earth and is only available here at the gates of the underworld. What a shithouse we live in!

Gatekeeper: "What is your name and function?"

P—: "Function? Virgil, what is my function? My name is P—."

Gatekeeper: "Okay, Mr.. P—, you can enter but take this fruit. It will make things clearer in this dimensionless space known as Atlantis."

So I take the fruit. What the heck, I'll eat it, what's there to lose? I won't remember anything afterwards, but then I'm just at square one, but at least I will know that I once saw the nethermost regions of Time and Space, where everything is frozen and crystalline. The fruit has a psychedelic affect on my human brain. I'm not sure if what I'm seeing is really there. I can't remember anything.

Virgil: "Your function is as poet."

P—: "Tell me about it."

The Lotus kicked in after three minutes and then reality pixels started cascading down a stream of lost information. I am no longer near Atlantis; Atlantis was just a drop-point. I am now, well, I'm not in hell, I'm not in the ocean; I'm in some strange and eerie palace made of an imperceivable realm of higher dimensions, outer/exterior held within the inner/interior foundation matrix of digested reality data. Everything is, well, I can't describe it; it's black as spade, but that's an illusion. It's also white as a dove perched on a windowsill of defunct highs. The Lotus trip is peaking; as soon as I begin to realise where I am I turn into a raven and fly off into space, back to earth in a 4 hour trip.

P— couldn't remember the dream when he woke up. But I wrote it all down as he was going through the portal and as he came back to the surface of the earth. We beat the system. The Lotus made him forget, but I hadn't taken any of the languorous fruit.

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V

Sleepless shanghais of surreptitious sunpimples…

There's more than meets the eye in P—'s dreams. He is a maker of myth, a visionary. I was wandering in a realm of sleep and I found an answer to the first word of Finnegans Wake, but the Lotus got me at the point where I woke up and all was lost. Riverrun, what do you mean?

The sun is in my human eye, and daughters rove the landscape in their scant attire. Christmas is coming, so is my birth into a new world of thought, my Gramophone has lost its needle, mine is sticking out of my blue arm. This was the last shot, this was the first REALSHOT—

I don't know if I'm human anymore; my brain has reached the biological peak of insanity. Drugs don't do it for me anymore. I'm permafried. Okay, I'll tell the truth cause I've been lying ever since I started this story, which isn't really a story but an *exposé* of my mindthoughts. And this really isn't the truth either, well, it's a metaphorical interpretation of dream and reality intermixed to make a diagram of the mind of a neo-sycophant, a visionary, for I am one too, as is P—, and a psychologically depraved man of letters, a thousand letters, intermingling down the shaft of paperlight and inky despairness, frivolous in his mind's eye, in his ears, and longing to tell the whole truth for his readers, in accessible formats—

I got up one morning and decided I was going to make a raft and take it down the length of the Richelieu River until I made it to its inception into the Gulf of Saint-Lawrence. It's a long mission, and to tell you the truth, I never intended to make it that far. I started by going out back in the woods and cutting down a few trees which I carved and laced together to make a big enough raft to hold myself and the bags of groceries which I would bring on my quest. This took a few days.

You can't bring a record player on a raft, but you can bring a nylon-stringed guitar, and that is what I did. And I brought some books. What books do you ask? Some Gide, some Kerouac, some Genet, some Plato, some Proust, and two books by James Joyce: Finnegans Wake and Ulysses. I tested the raft and found it to be perfect for my intents and purposes. I made myself a paddle and went out on my trek. I gathered as much food as I could and set off on my journey.

The journey on a raft is possibly on of the oldest stories available to man and woman. I'm trying not to modernise it, I want it to keep its archaicness. Bringing the raft to the river was possibly the hardest part of my quest for enlightenment: for I believed that this trip would being light to my darkened mind. I dragged the fucker to the river; it took several hours.

With groceries, books, food, and guitar, on raft, I set out to find the scent of legendary dreams. I stepped across the night and fell upon the day. My life was nothing more than mystery and as though striving to find me I saw the cold reef—desolate with the breeze along—deep inside the coast of Desires and the hand of departure setting out to free me.

I never stumbled upon anything so pure: a brilliant star profound with more than this. I never wished to see so much: daughter of the four winds to breathe my air. As I thought to call upon her name —
the fragrance of my long-lost hopes—I realized that I was more than this: myself, I was myself again. Never shall I deem this day aghast to sleep beyond the slay of a young raft—I saw the menace of my deepest joys
despite the dangling of my spirit crying for the somber dreams I once had.

But forever in the darkness with which I professed, these words so true as to be revered, the love which I hold dear still shines before my crying eyes. What must I do to see her again? How must I reach to grasp my loving realms abreast, against the ocean blue to seek their own vengeance and from where I stay in the lands of doubt to tell myself that none is more than she that I recall her once declaring joy in my arms. Why must I sit upon or with the semblance of a raft or what I seemed to take towards this place; I stand upon firm ground today to spell the words of my deepest ambition and for those whom wish to come along,
I never burned the bridge to common ecstasy.

My thoughts flow as I, on raft, flow downstream to unknown realms. The sun is great and radiating a blazing scorch on my shirtless body. You've got to watch out for sunburns and carcinogenic heat waves. Marooned in emblems of decay, strayed forms from the human heart delayed; I was a dancer in a fairy isle, with The Dead streaming down my two sides—

Daisies and posy roses whispering in the back of my mind as I take this raft and my prized possessions on a quest that may last several days, if boredom seeps into my schedule, or I may be gone forever; the river is my new home.

Before any quest comes a time of plenty. In the mind. I feel like a thousand battalions of war in a physical debate with Martian Rovers tumbleweeding down the river lens, the most of the most, and steel eternity is clanking on my boat, my raft, that is, wherever it wants to take me, I just hope there aren't any rapids of waterfalls though I would like to sit by one of these and meditate at the multitude of sounds that tremble with the white waterfalls flushing out the eagle, primrosedly washing away with the tides, a canal, that's a deep ditch to fall in, and I ain't falling anymore, I am on the updraft, the uphill mountain hike, but on a mountain of pain, of dripping obsequiousness and ubiquity, silence and marvel, and the paintbrushstroke of the stars on my first night flowing downhill, with Impressionistic Bluestreaks, miraculous sky, boundless and free, free from tellurian constraints, the shackles and manacles of the earth, the pain and sorrow of this prison-cell exitence, so what? we can move out to higher things, the motion is: UP, to reach the biologic peak of all that's real, the mystic circles, croprings, and mounted hellsmen on transparent horses, crystal sclupted, streaming down that river Lethe, Styx, with Charon watching over me, and Virgil in my eyes, and Leonardo da Pythagorinci as my paddle, carved from pine, was once a great green puppeteer, climbing like curtains of winter spells wriggling in the distance like a beacon of soliloquy, verdant as the undertow, crystalclear, banished from material wants, from a jail known as earth, but even in a prison, as in a sphere, you can see through the glass shield, just as in illustriousness, you can conquer the mother earth complex, you can escape through the hole in the sky, where God peeks through with his lovetorn eye, and cosmic messages are sent in the starworks, the fabric of multitudinous surprises, sprinkled daybury windowsills of rotten, abhorred listlessness that prevails in this quaint little collection of gravitronic impulses, this ball of atoms moving through space at vulturous speeds, archaic stampede of molecules, a sea, a river, a string plucked pizzicato boyhoodcharm; every person is a thousand years in the making at all times, from birth to death, and the making is the past society, some are 3000, so 5000, some are an eternity in the making, like Buddha, Jesus, Lao-Tsu, Chuang-Tsu, Plato, Homer, Shakespeare, and so many others, it's not funny; much of whose books I brought, my sweet Joyce, reading it on my first day as a sailor, well, without a sail, sailless sailor, captain, there you have it, I'm a captain of a vessel made of a soup of atoms and I have the power to decide where I want to be, to some extent, there are boundaries in society, failed societies, actually, so I have packed my bags and I'm going to so unforeseen HEIGHT into the unknown, oblivious faces galore, on my dark forest of flames, that riveroasis of plenitude, the heart of the night, my first night, when I played Beethoven sonatas on the guitar and sang Macabre Blues to the wind, wrapped in a blanket, swaying with the waves wavehooding atrunkated thistlebranches of melancholy and sadness, breathing the particulate air, no more cigarettes, cigarettes are for typing—

A thousand battalions of Time, of minutes and seconds, rivers of flame roaring downhill at intrepid miles per hours, Time in the making, square raft, four periods of human experience: Inception, Incubation, Inspiration, and Irrationality. Irrationality comes from having too much knowledge, you become iniquitous, you are too serious in your quest for knowledge, you become irrational, deadly, you are approaching death, but what makes it a good death or a bad death? Is it not the way in which you die? The consequences that lead to your death? No, none of these. It is whether or not you accept death as a new form of your life—

And the dark night, on river, is lachrymose, burdened, bluegrey, the moon is a Martian Legend, but a white queen, dazzling with perfume and honesty, her shape is the shape of the milky whites of a Victorian Woman, Venus, Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, who came from the foam which Uranus' genitalia made when Cronus shopped them with a scythe and they fell from the heavens, they landed on earth, on the sea, and I can see the genitals in the waves, winking at me, Impressionistically dark, an Existential tinge, I mean, Debussy is saying some scary shit on my radio when I listen to it in a blackened room in the twilighty night, yet on my new ship I can only play the music from memory and my memory is blurred, it demolishes reality, all I remember are certain cadences and blues riddles biddling down the summershine of lost and disreputed angel lifewhiskers, images, tainted in the night, by small fires by the river where old men teach young men what life is, what life will be; "Son, my darling son, Alexander, Beautiful Alexander, you climb the mountain with a question and you come back down with an answer. Go climb that mountain, whichever one you choose, and climb it to the top. Climb every mountain and you shall be bathed in heaven and its marvellous ways," and "Yes, father, tell me more about Monet…"

"He was capable of capturing the precise time of day that he wanted to negotiate onto the paper. Quick brushstrokes, dabs of paint, just to leave an impression, the essence, with rich colors, blindingly powerful, the divine light," and "Father, what are the four stages of human experience?"—"Inception: the beginnings of your life when you learn the ropes, and these times are the pure realms of experience, when you first smell, when you first eat fruit and vegetables and get that wholesome taste in your mouth; it includes everything usually up till 10 or 12. Then again, it's hard to put dates on these experiences. Nevertheless, then there's the Incubation. Thought has begun at this point. This is when you plant the seeds of further knowledge and wisdom. It is the center of the sphere that you reach for in later years. Inspiration: you have downloaded enough material from the Collective Mind and you are receiving all the fruit of wisdom from human experiences of the past 20 or 30 or 40 years… sometimes this lasts till death. It takes at least 10 years to reach inspiration. Irrationality is the beyond. You no longer live in a Rational Universe, you are senile, embedded in darkness and poverty, yet in this you find humbleness, you find charity, and love, but you are preparing for the sea of irregularity of being, this shiftshape of nothingness which comes after death—

"And these four stages of human experience relate to the four Language Arts: listening, reading, writing, speaking. You are a listener in early life, you pick up the waves of Buddhahood. During Incubation, you are beginning to read, 'filling the tank'; then the tank overflows with creativity and wisdom; further down the line, you have read everything and listened to everything and written all that you can and you become a storyteller. And you will notice these in humans."

"Thank you father."

I pass by these boyhood/fatherhood lonely bonfires on the side of the river, and I am a listener, a reader, a writer, and a speaker because they all intermingle like harmonics on a plucked string, the continuous motions of the four arts in the spectrum of life, and the four stages, self-repeating within each other like fractals. It goes with my theory of the 10 dimensions of human existence. You have 4 stages, 4 language arts, 6 questions, who, what, where, when, why, how, that relate to different sciences, like philosophy being the why, geography the where, etc. The 10 dimensions are: wisdom, instinct, movement, perception, will, memory, concentration, imagination, passion, and pain immaculate, as we have seen earlier. And Monet, yes, I remember that childhood dream of the mountains, yes, and father told me about the dimensions of space and Time, and human reality. It appears that on both sides of the river are moments in my life and when I look at one side I miss the other side, as though this were real in actuality, and it is, for you can only live one way, see things one way, and you turn your back on all the different ways of DOING and ACTING and THINKING, all the things humanity is stuck to, things in time like human experiences are made of tiny decisions that can only go one way, in Time, as time passes, like a jazz song where you can only play one note at a time in space, okay, harmony is a different

dimension, it's unilateral, spacious, and what was I saying about the vacuum? NO, this is what I am seeing: a dream in early childhood when I was floating through a swarm of asteroids, searching for my sister. The dream has come back as many things, but that searching, that longing to find safety and love and security, those cragggy asteroids, rockenous, defunct, secluded from all I ever knew, vampiric, hellish, black, unknown, precipitous, a huge diluted FEVER over Space and Time, the communion continuum, the seed mantra like a cork on a bottle of wine that makes a popping sound, that's the AUM in digitality—

One frame on the side of the river was of a succulent breast, fair-skinned, wan, pale, milky white, with beautiful cup-shape, perfect mother nature curves, and I could feel it in my belly, it was the first time I touched one with my hand, my right hand, and fingers and tongue and lips; the images are moving faster as if a tape were running, the shapes and forms of the pictures mix together in a stream of images evolving over Time, through Space, and the image is one of a man climbing a mountain, a madman, running high and far, into the wilderness, higher, higher, higher! this is the mountain of knowledge, the mountain of wisdom and human experience, the Tower of Babel where we have a direct communion with God and one eternal language, yet every man has his own tower of Babel and his own tongues, if he speaks in tongues, which he utilises when speaking to God on his own terms for his own love and faith—

I have seen this man climbing the mountain in the streets as I walk on by into the depths of the city and the asphalt tells me a tale, a tale of my life; it was a valley of indecision, it was a trench of disgust, it was a lamp at noon, it was a fire by twilight glistening; the tape slows down, I see precise occurrences from my life's tape, looped, I see when a dog bit me in the face, I see my *Paysages* from when I was a child and played GI JOE in the stairs with my brother, little dimple inklings—playing in the shadows counting the steps to the front door after school, jetting through streams and thinking, "One day I will be a sailor, I will build my own ark and float it to the top of the world where I will bathe with the gods and goddesses in divine light, at the end of my life or at the beginning of my Age of Inspiration, as father puts it,"—

I hear music from afar. Sirens? No, it sounds like voices arguing over something, perhaps my fate. I have been on this raft for days; God knows where I am. I can make out the voices slightly, namely, "He's much to young to be given mastery of his own destiny," and "Oh, leave the kid alone, he wants to go to the ocean, oh, no, we can't have that, can we?" and "It stipulates in his regional thesis of existence that he is to find peace, however, that can be interpreted in many ways, physical, mental, it could be anything!"—

A few more pictures, the tape seems to have stopped, and a great fog has come over me and my rowboatfoghuntercraftyraft—the haze, it reminds me of something, some religion I learned about which warships the Heroes and the Hazeans, ah, I can't remember now—

The grey swirls of smog smogging about in triangles and spheres, boasting a purple aura, blackened by the night; what a great night to contemplate the void, in a sea or river of tears, cold and unashamed, living life to its fullest, pleasure-bound humanitarian, and I am the center of the universe, my universe, I am a cat sipping from the Tea of Night, where the moon bathes with her clockface wisdomblur—

A white halo, puissant, struggling to clear my eyes, to see clearly, I struggle to wither in my raftgrave, where I feel death coming, but I heard those voices, they said I would find peace, what is peace anyway, is it a peace of mind? A nice piece of ass?

So here I am with my ark and all, in a prison of wants, sleeping as I flow downstream not knowing whether I will survive the night, for some unknown waterfall might be lurking in the fog; I played guitar and read for hours, ate delicacies, sweets mostly, potato chips, and a tall glass of Port, sickly sweet, dribbling from my mouth and tongue like a waterfall of its own—

I know that this has to be a dream, maybe I even entered the sleeping mind of my old buddy P—, or maybe we are one, on this raft, seeking truth, and not prostitruths or devilherds, but real god-ugly truths from the past, written in ink on papyrus and sent across the ocean to hidden villages—

Written in memory of P—, this book, my prayer for a friend who is ill, he is in a societal cage, being prodded at by doctors, having huge amounts of drugs tested on him and no one has anything to say about it? Jesus Holy Christ and Mary Josephine! Even honkytonky Hero wizards get the blues and drink their wine and sin of wanting—God wanted light and got it—

This of course is just a story among stories, among the many dreams of the dreamers of the universe, P— and myself, such similar beings, sicker than sick, twisted, blackened, spadeful minds, drinking from the river's foam, drinking Love and Passion and Irefulness—drink, my poor, young portmanteau onionsavvy, drink the billow's brew—

The sky is opening up, revealing starlight, divine light, and all the matrixes of reality, all of geometry divine, mathematics of possibility, probability, poppies popping popfully plip, raindrops but no clouds, just the wide-eyed face of God, and what a beard she has, O Heavenly Father Greybeard, you lustrous face of unconcupiscence, great Buddhahood of miles-high retiring face, a closet of beauty lashes whispering deadly wisdom to my ears, what have you to say, God?

The fog is coming back. Did I eat the Lotus?

I awaken. Just then, my raft tips over violently, everything is soaked at once, and I lose all my books and food and guitar of a million voices. The Prison! My music! So what can I do? I can swim, but I can't see very far with the fog. I guess I can feel my way. Oh, sand on my feet, what? An island? What do I want with an island, will it bring me peace? How do I even know that those voices were speaking English? Maybe they said '*la pièce' [the room]* instead of 'peace'—

Well I've lost all my wealth, my possessions, yet I feel relieved. Nothing to worry about! Nothing to care about! Nothing to lug around in heavy carts! Well I guess I could spend the night on this island, but in the morning I've got to head back home somehow; I'm horribly frightened. I feel a great tingling in my belly, something is telling me that this place is ancient, it is a frozen moment in Time, it is all cities of history mixed together in homogeneity, it is The Garden of Eaten, Heaven, Alamut, and the stony face of Mont-Saint-Hilaire, the Mount of St-Hilaire, O glorious, precious treasure!

So I've established in my perception that it is an island with a mountain whose face is a crag, barren, so where's the garden? Where is Hassan I Sabbah? The old man of the mountain? Your Hero takes off his mask and his face is horribly deformed. It makes me think of the past: I looked out of my eyesocket newspaperbrain on an ivory Wednesday night, the 13th with neon tusks of light, to a poetess kindly vociferating ageless rhymes embedded in Golgothean panoply of verb, jazzy, with totempole blues of shout, naked, well-rehearsed, whose eyes were a mirror to an ocean of city brightnesses and Chaotic street sadness of October railroad alley and breath of charm winking across beauty of *ad libitum*—damn, there is no easy way to say "I've been there" or "We speak the same language" or "I wish I was a dartboard and you could throw spears of wistful adoring into my cascading backbroken stairway hungladder of unearthly wishes and pennyrhymes…"

I've been climbing the mountain all day long; what beauty is found here. And I've found two boxes, which took me hours to open, one of them revealing a gramophone, the other revealing a nice collection of jazz records. I guess this thing is battery operated or perhaps just some pendulum operation that I don't quite understand, but nonetheless, it works fine, real dog-gone fine—

Cryptic deformation of the human psyche. Mingus again. Oscar Peterson. Finally, I am an outcast, physically. My crime was consciousness. It always has been so. These jazz records are old yet in mint condition; most likely never even used.

This is some mountain, great pine tree corridors and streamways, golden arcs of light through cracks in the treeroof, forest deplanetation. The island is spherical. Everywhichway pleasant. I sleep beneath the moon, haloed, with branches as my comforter. Greenshrub blankets. No more cigarettes, what a bummer. Not all is lost, however. There's still life in me, boy!

Life goes through four seasons: spring, summer, autumn, and winter. They are the ages of human man and woman. In the human spring, the child is a flower growing towards the sun. In his or her summer, the adolescent is water, flowing through meandering gorges. Middle-age is when the leaves fall to the ground, the leaves being inspiration. Old age is like a crystal snowflake. These are just speculation, anyway. As I wait on my deserted island, listening to jazz, I notice time pass, I notice Dawn, Afternoon, Evening, and Dusk. I am an egg, an embryo, a fetus, and a baby. I watch the water cycle with its Condensation, Precipitation, Run-off, and Evaporation. The human soul is eternal and forms as a clouded being living in Samsara, blurry cloudedness. The soul pitterpats onto the ground, moistening it with every drop. The soul is reading. Run-off: the soul is a wanderer, a traveller. Evaporation: the soul prepares for oblivion, for death. Ah yes, all the ages, times, stages in the self-repeating quadruple system of humanity. Vico knew his quadrants. He knew his quadrification.

Buddhist have four lay precepts: don't steal, don't lie, don't kill, and don't indulge in sexual misconduct. There really isn't a reason for all this quadrifying, I'm just bored and my thoughts are stuck to four-foldedness. O the things one thinks when alone on a deserted island… I digress…

Love. Every good story is a tale of love filled with the hardships of love. O the condiments to human experience! O the temporal distortions! O time-rowdy bustles in the hedgerow! God-ugly, hungry ghost-servants of hell!

Micmac slackattack. Torrential rain of positive influxification fluxified. Hard-boiled egg of Time Providence. Time Illicit Strategy to the Unknown Frequency Legend. Layman's egg. Tertiary lenience in tides that shift to the walls of my cabana, my steward's shelf, my poetentialised pattern of existence in fourths, two thirds four, five and a sixth seven—what time is it anyway?—

…the same warm and slumbrous light which drowsed in the forest glades… I still remember that passage from Proust, so eloquent, magical, mysterious. Meseems, sir, that the dayglow lights are reappearing, and I haven't slept a wink. When one is comfortable in his thoughts, one needn't sleep every single night: one can skip one out of every two, and preciously sacrifice it to thought, however dismal or happy these thoughts may be; thought is only qualified in numbers of weight, not quality. I have heavy thoughts that reek of puritanical holiness.

Natural trails in the woods, streamlets meandering down the mountainside, O grey tombs of the earth, beaming stonecutedges of flagrant delirium statehood, whistling birdmen wanking wonk on the stony sire's banana rowboat sunk, and mine likewise irretrievable—

All thoughts follow the same neural network like reality images are made of the same interstellar paint and positioning. Arteries self-repeating on the mapwork of the stars. It's part of the deconstructivist nature of reality listeners: the poet/philosopher who decrypts the formulae of ethereal madness, sadness, and cries whimpering in the back of my mind with the million voices of my sitar—

What I mean is that the physical characteristics of reality are self-repeating over distant bodies and minds and realities, realities meandering like a ravine canyonbottomlow, feverish and listening to the jive of the cosmos squirming up a song like a rattlesnake sings a tailsong of death—

Deconstruction: taking apart the enigma, downloading data from the mainline unconscious computer of physical reality fragments, the bepuzzlions bedazzling. And you are a hyper-realist when your only law is to break the mathematical problem of the universe—

Clouds have been passing sporadically over this newfound continent of joyous starlight curled into one jigball of tainted cosmopigment. The core of this Utopian dream, this effervescent moon of hightidings and stringrealms of peculiar wandering into the depths of this elongated altitude of wont concerns—

I spend all day in this labyrinth of consciousness, seeking ties to the marmalade of bluewonder and bombshell catalyst-potential riverrun highriser soliloquy roller-coaster. This is a dream, I know it. Only a dream can move so freely unbound by Time, ringing silently—

O this river of tears, this meandering buffoon of lights and greys, the lining of my proverbial situational cowardly sustenance of fame and beauty and mirrors to the inner circle, blending reality in a mishmash of frozen rosecores coring the endless rise of the rotten, holy, orange blasphemer, the sun. And what's it to me, meseems that I am the Minotaur, half-complete, sexless, rotund—

Cynical self. Half-self. Wholesome Crete, my denizen reality, my Minotaur dream, half-sexed, repeating, bland of gift of speech, chanting in the mountains, heavenly seraphim buildingsprouts heightened in my enlightened coca.

Where are you King Minos? Theseus, will you find me and slay me in Daedalus' labyrinth? The labyrinth of my own irrational tranquility and solitude? The trees are fully fructified: and the fruit makes me, well, it makes me light and languorous, fleeting, forgetful. Perhaps I have been here on this island forever and every day I awaken with no knowledge of my past but the raft that took me here crashing against the waves of the river of dreams, the videotape shore of history, yes, I remember the raft and my longing to make it to the Gulf of St-Lawrence, but how did I end up on this island and how long since then? I remember the last thing I saw before the fog came along: it was dreamlike, opaque, diaphanous, circling waves, a prostitute, a Hero [Protagoniste], a human body transforming into a million basic shapes, all self-repetition of THE ONE NOBLE SHAPE OF THE MOUTH OF HEAVEN—

Naxos? Scyros? What shall I name this island? Verboten Veridity—my mind is a tulip waiting for rain, my roses are putrid and sunk in my brain's tides unforgiving and relentless. String a thread in your chaoticist encephalon. Thread the dreamweaver in the maze of The Minotaur—

Translate to paper machines. Law of The Ungun: Unlaw, outstretched in covenants of spoil. Day blends into night, there's no boundary, light becomes dark, like Da Vinci's sfumato effect. You can't rely on machines created by mankind. Never. They all fail at some point. But in this barren wasteland there are no machines but this phonograph. One record has no label. Curious, I put it on. It begins:

"You are presently at the foot of the Grotto Of Newfangled Existential Realities: step forth into the rocky face of this mountain and you will walk through it, entering GONER: the realm of dreams, also known as The Lost Continent, Atlantis, the labyrinth, etc. This dreampalace is as empty and free [devoid] of life as is the island which you clumsily stumbled across.

"Enter at your own risk, Minotaur."

I have found Atlantis! This grotto seems to be a million years old. When was it inhabited? I see paintings on the walls, surreal, futuristic, of modern times, but how did they know of the future? Cabalistic mindsmen. The paintings seem to dance from the walls to enter my enlightened brain. Sifting through the mausoleum, I see truth written on both sides of the corridor: left and right, beauty is in my palace of dreams, beauty is in… what's that?

I believe I have found some sort of library. Yes! It is so mammoth, so huge! There may well be a million handwritten manuscripts. Wait a second… it's all coming together. This hidden island is a portal to a higher dimensional plane where the great societies of the past hid their most valuable valuables. This is the great library of Alexandria! This is Atlantis!

NO, this is just a dream with flowers in its hair. Mount Cyanide. Red Zonal Mars The Warrior. P— is my soul-mate. We are one human discountenance. Elders of the wars of the soul. We are The Scarlet Brigade, we are The Crimson Order; we are The Red Battalion—

Mount Olympus. Seasons of the gods. Reality is a mould for my mind to fit in, to fit in its human form transforming; human body deformed forming the red apartheid, the Red War, the Psychotechnowars. Of the soul? I can't escape my clumsy idiocy.

It's a little known fact that the brain has environmental memory and thusly if you get drunk in the same environment all the time you build a higher tolerance to alcohol than you would if you changed places all the time. So pack your bags and drink on the road, you slimy toads—

Words are human. This isn't a story, it's a self-repeating malleable monosyllable transforming into a chronological stipulation of verb annotation and glossary-speckled tombs of hungry tones vacillating in infinite human variation—

It's comparative storytelling in non-story human form. The pretext is that the human form is repeated in the cosmos, or vice versa; think 'fractals geometry'. Hephaestus, your deformed body is the thesis of my statement. Deformity is our downfall from heaven.

A lie is a deformity of truth. Luciferian Pride is a delusion of grandeur. Madness is a deformation of wholesome sanity. To the hazed, fading Lotus, it comes swirling back with surf, comes wide nothing and is away at the horizon; memories migrant dug with pulse-sighs, dazed with sweetness for a dizzied amnesia with bewitching dreamer's anatomy; on deeper levels, eyes are the blackest existence of the naughtflows true to the present's fate, lines on rollsculpture, the hopes mind time, and to another high sea denying where flatly flies the fogged mercy, than this Lotus-eater's wax stubbornness with perfect kisses owns heels to his fellow eaters to and fro burdened reality, the mighty honey kinder, breezes everything feather-light and free—am I not caught in a loop of existence rolling from beginnings to forgetfulness, trapped in a sour console of myriad deaths and scopes fluttering?—

I could have sworn that this was real, all of it, for I vaguely remember living these precious moments; but, lest I believe myself and cause me harm, I am wary of my internal voices. The sun, the earth's core, the moon, the oceans—all is relevant and revelatory—

We measure something's altitude by its distance from sea level. Cigarette tubes. Gnosis of the starwanderer. I keep going back to Picasso's Cubism Reality Interface, like a filter before an image that distorts it to his whimsy-taut liking. His images are a broken mirror reflecting light awry, like a thousand stories made into one, that float through a central narration from the perspective of the doer who awakes from a dream and finds himself in a Utopian/labyrinth/prison/dream

assembly/garden/grotto/mathematical equation, and the Unutterable word who's the subject of his fixation is TIME—

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THE END

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